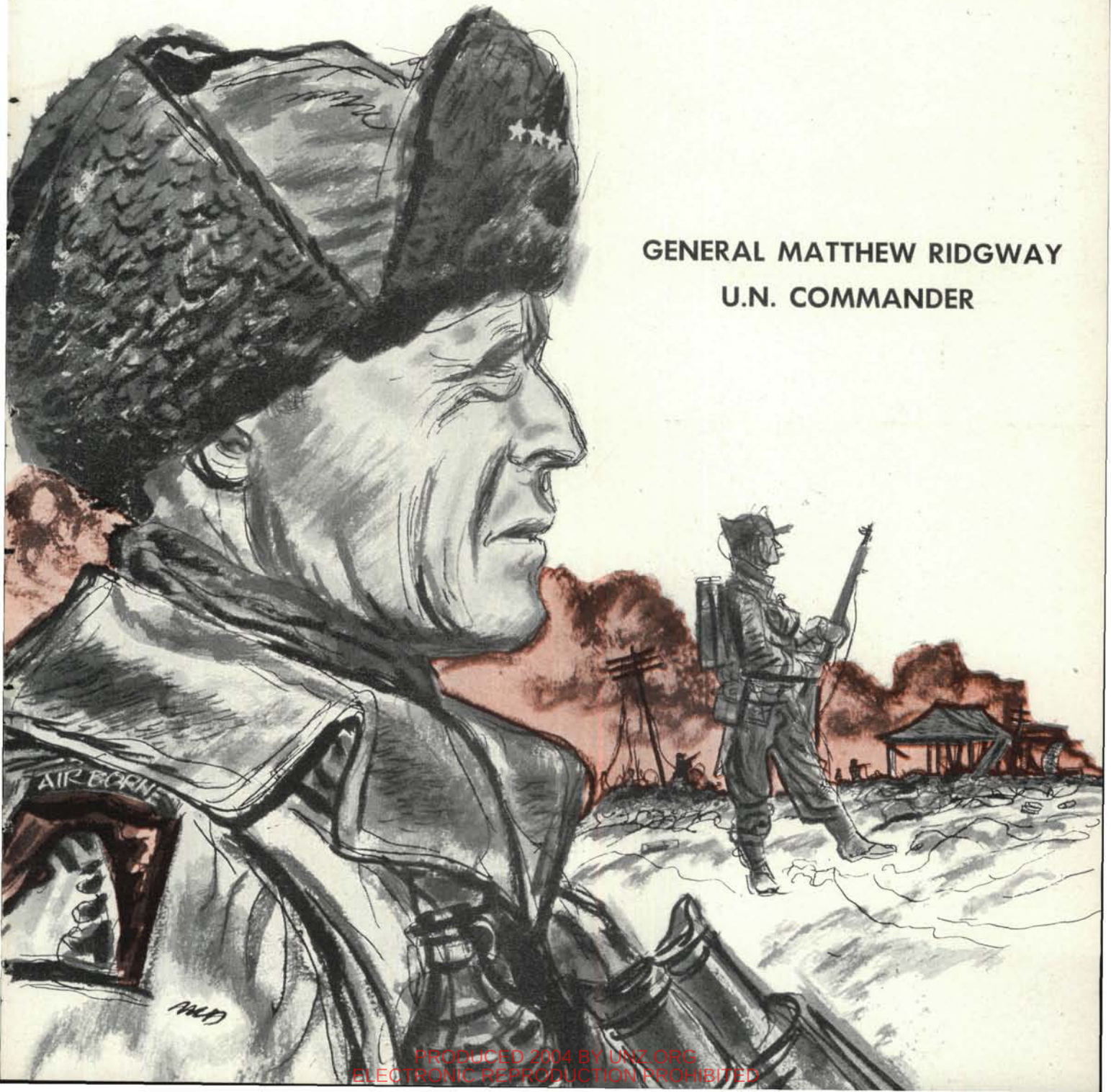
The Present Danger

The Reporter

May 1, 1951 25c



GENERAL MATTHEW RIDGWAY
U.N. COMMANDER

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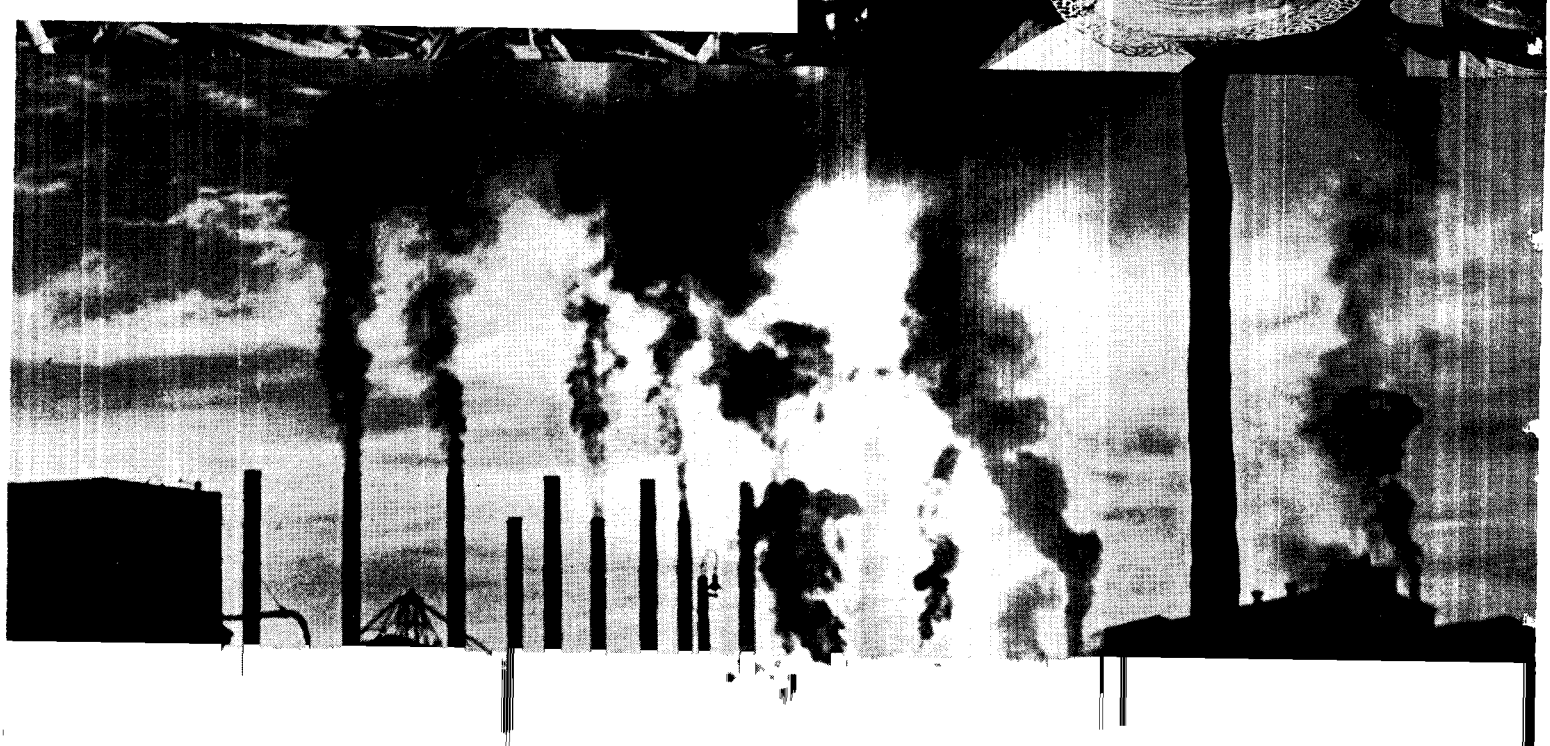
Sugar: Are we eating too much of it?
(See page 37)



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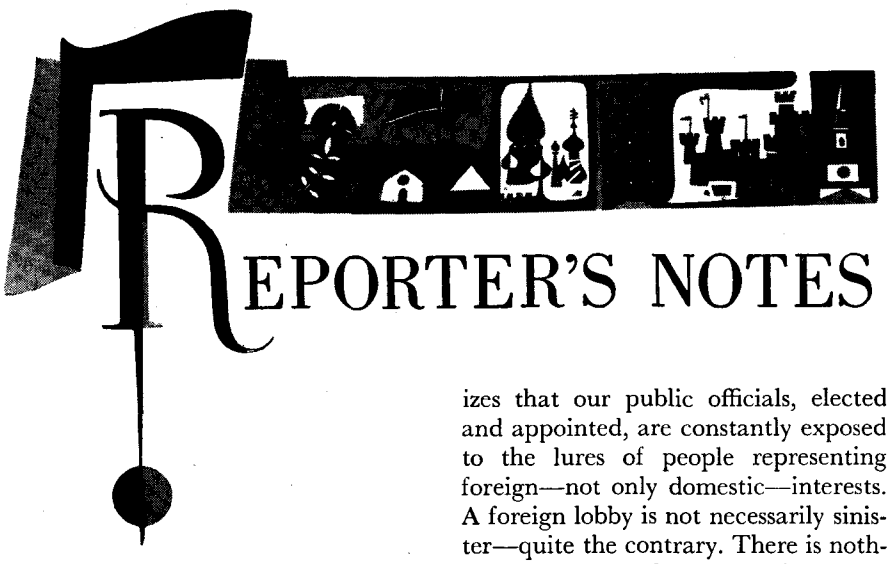

REPORTER'S NOTES

Salute to Ridgway

No patriotic American should rejoice over the change of command in the Far East and none should mourn.

We know little about General Ridgway, aside from the fact that he is a good soldier. Like every American citizen, he probably has his political opinions, but he seems to keep them to himself and to obey the orders of his civilian superiors.

As for General MacArthur, we don't like all this talk that he is too great to be under anybody's orders, or too big a man to be the object of fair, dispassionate judgment. In fact, we think that to be a citizen is a greater privilege than any personal quality of achievement. This is an opinion that, we have no doubt, Citizen MacArthur shares.

The Next Investigation

Senator Paul Douglas, the newspapers say, has taken up the proposal originally advanced by Senator Fulbright to have a committee investigate "Federal morals and ethics." The hearings are scheduled to start about May 1, and if the television companies co-operate, men like Mr. Herbert Hoover, Dean Roscoe Pound, and Dr. Robert Hutchins will be heard and seen by millions of people. Senator Douglas should be congratulated for this new venture in militant idealism. He may even succeed in glamorizing virtue, although it is difficult to imagine which of the prospective witnesses can rival the triumphant aplomb of Virginia Hill—unless it is Dr. Hutchins.

Senator Douglas undoubtedly realizes that our public officials, elected and appointed, are constantly exposed to the lures of people representing foreign—not only domestic—interests. A foreign lobby is not necessarily sinister—quite the contrary. There is nothing shady about the many information and propaganda outfits that present the cases of their countries to American officials and the public. We ourselves are advertising America, presenting our case as persuasively as we can, in practically every country in the world.

But there are governments whose influence in our country has become very great and whose power comes mostly from the effectiveness of their Washington lobbyists. These lobbyists are not usually found at "cocktail bars or around dinner tables in hotels," as Senator Douglas put it when he announced his investigation. Their work is done in more refined and exclusive quarters, in the houses of Washington hostesses or in the offices of members of Congress. It is delicate work. It requires detailed knowledge of the voting strength and habits of what are called our national or religious minorities, just as it requires clever cultivation of the social vanity, the eccentricities, and the pet hobbies of high Washington officials and national publishers. The lobbyists often get excellent results from Senators who represent small states and have time to spare.

The achievements of some of these lobbies, like the ones for China and Franco, have become legendary. Perhaps they are largely legends, but the only way to find out, Senator Douglas, is to unearth the facts. The American public ought to know who pays for these lobbies, whom they pay, and how widely their influence—a subtle thing that sometimes cannot be measured in terms of money—can spread.

Finally, we must not forget, Senator Douglas, that if these lobbies are really powerful, they are not just after a juicy contract or a fix. They want to influence the course of American foreign policy. The ultimate price of their clever machinations may be paid by the blood of American soldiers.

Mauldin on Fission

We are proud of Bill Mauldin's cartoon on page 9 of this issue of *The Reporter*. Mauldin has given an answer to the guesses and hunches that we in the editorial department had been grappling with for days.

Now we have to admit it: Perón has succeeded in releasing atomic energy. He has fissioned a substance infinitely cheaper than uranium or its derivatives —newsprint and printer's ink.

We would like to carry the Mauldin Theory on Argentine Fission a step further. According to all we gather and surmise, not only *La Prensa* but also the Argentine bank note, the peso, has been made fissionable. The process requires a bulky stock of pesos that, whenever the régime wants, can be disassociated or fissioned from its owners. The whole operation is of fantastic proportions, but, as the press announcement explicitly said, it's entirely controlled.

There are people who claim to have seen in the huge double mushroom reaching high into the skies the evanescent features of a gorgeous woman, dripping with jewels—an Argentine version of Lady Bountiful or Robin Hood. It seems that as soon as the pesos are fissioned from their owners, the workers involved get a great boost and feel exhilarated. Later, a counter-reaction called inflation sets in. Before that happens, large hunks of fissioned capital find their places of safekeeping in hard-currency countries. This phenomenon has been registered by some Geiger counters, including one operated by a man whose primary virtue is not discretion—Walter Winchell. In a recent column, he wrote, "The many reports . . . about Evita Perón trying to buy a Hollywood studio are based on facts. . . ."

Some people say that the entire Argentine economy may ultimately be fissioned this way. We don't know. Certainly we felt deeply relieved when we read Perón's angry proclamation that his method of fission was "not for other countries, but for my own."

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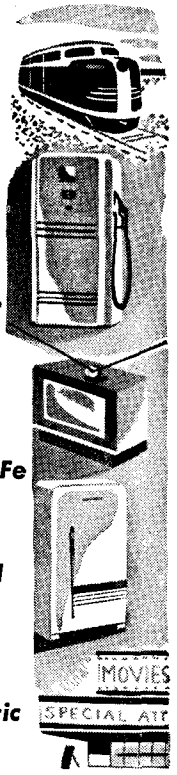
Do you work for one of these companies?



- *Anaconda Copper*
- *Atch., Top. & Santa Fe*
- *Crane Company*
- *General Electric*
- *Loew's Incorporated*
- *Montgomery Ward*
- *Socony-Vacuum Oil*
- *Standard Oil (N. J.)*
- *Westinghouse Electric*
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THOUSANDS of people who work for these companies know a good deal about them already—their products and sales, their policies and management, the outlook for earnings and profits.

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Correspondence

'Limited War' (cont'd)

To the Editor: Both Preston Schoyer and Graham Peck have questioned my reasoning in "The Exposed Arteries" (your issue of March 6). Both see the growth of Red power during the years of the Japanese invasion as proof that China's present Communist masters would have little to fear from a campaign of the type I have visualized.

It is my position that the growth of Red power during the period of Japanese military ascendancy illustrates the precarious situation facing *any Chinese government* that loses the railway lines and principal cities. Schoyer and Peck disagree. One asserts and the other implies that I am the victim of my own imperfect reasoning. Actually the issue is not whether my reasoning or theirs is correct. Our differences spring from different assumptions of fact.

All three of us agree that while Japan held China's rail network the Chinese Communists waxed strong. We agree that the strength they attained in that period was a potent if not decisive factor in their later defeat of the Nationalist government. We differ as to the position and nature of Communist power in China today.

I have said that any Chinese government that loses control of the arteries of communication is dangerously weakened. The word *government* is important. Today the Reds are in the throes of creating a national government and a national economy. In the civil war and in the anti-Japanese war they were destroying both. Their organization was loose and decentralized. It is one thing for a dynamic political movement to survive, evolve, and mature through the hardships and uncertainties of revolution. Running the same film backward is another matter. Witness the revolution-forged Kuomintang.

Schoyer and Peck apparently regard the Communist government as synonymous with China. If they do not go that far, they at least assume by their arguments that the Communist movement itself is a cohesive, homogeneous group with a very broad popular basis. I cannot agree. As reports of the Peking press and radio have borne recent and frequent witness, the Communists everywhere in China are plagued by the activities of strong non-Communist groups. Clearly there still exists a non-Communist China. Not Nationalist necessarily, but dangerous enough to require military operations and executions if it is not to grow and imperil Red power. It is my belief that such forces have enough potential strength to be fatal to the Peking government if it is forced to return to the countryside.

In evaluating the power of the Chinese Communists to withstand the loss of railway communications and still to function as a modern government, the composition of their forces, both military and civil, is a vital factor. From the views of individual Communists and personal knowledge of the composition of groups that were called Communist I know that the Communist movement was, at the time of its accession to power, far from homogeneous. It is my belief that military defeat of the Peking government today would see widespread disintegration of Communist forces.

With Preston Schoyer's last conclusion I cannot disagree. The Chinese problem *could* be solved by "knocking out Russia." I'm just thinking out loud now, but it seems to me that the German problem and several others might be solved the same way.

JAMES COLWELL
New York City

Contributors

Jean-Jacques Servan Schreiber recently resigned from *Le Monde* because of his disagreement with that paper's neutralist policies . . . . **Bill Mauldin,** cartoonist and writer, is the author of *Up Front* . . . . **John Loosbrock** is Washington editor of *Popular Science Monthly* . . . . **John B. Spore** is associate editor of *The Combat Forces Journal* . . . . **D. W. Brogan** teaches history at Cambridge University . . . . **Graham Hutton** is a British commentator on politics and economics . . . . **Norman MacKenzie** writes for *The New Statesman and Nation* . . . . **Sam Boal,** a free-lance writer, has traveled extensively in Europe . . . . **Mary Coggeshall Kuhn** is Paris correspondent for the magazine *Vision* . . . . **Peter J. Allen** is the pseudonym of a correspondent at the United Nations . . . . **Hans H. Landsberg,** a Washington economist, writes frequently for *The Reporter* . . . . **James Rorty,** author of *American Medicine Mobilizes,* is preparing a book on America's dietary resources and eating habits . . . . **David F. Cavers,** a professor at the Harvard Law School, is a member of the Research Advisory Board of the Committee for Economic Development .

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The Reporter
A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

May 1, 1951 Volume 4, No. 9

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Editorial

The Present Danger (I)

Practically as soon as the last war ended, we had to give up hope of establishing normal peaceful relations with Soviet Russia, at least in the foreseeable future. Yet we have never given up trying to get through the thick, perverted minds of its leaders the idea that aggression, no matter how masked, will not pay. We have had to rely on several different ways to convey this same idea, with an urgency that has become greater as one provocation has followed another and forced us to define the new ones that would compel us to fight. Invariably, to make clear what we have wanted to say, we have had to use symbols—symbols of the power we could bring to bear.

To deter the Communists, our symbols have had to be realistic and scary. At first, we had only one, the atomic bomb. When it became known that the enemy, too, had the bomb, and when, at the end of last June, he proved so deaf to our warning as to engage in vicarious military aggression—then our arsenal of symbols had to become more formidable and more varied, each one backed up by a greater reserve of actual strength.

At the same time, we had to show in Korea that even there, in that remote spot and in spite of all the initial odds against us, we could swiftly put up a full-fledged defense against the aggressor. Ever since, we have been taking extremely realistic measures of defense, for ourselves as well as our allies. Will the obdurate, cynical men in the Kremlin at long last understand? Will they face the fact that we have the determination and the means to multiply each of the ingredients of our power—our divisions, our air groups, and all the weapons that our technology can produce?

Four Equals Four

Because we are a democracy, our token preparedness, which is a sample of the fuller preparedness we can quickly reach, must be thoroughly discussed by our own and by the allied peoples. We and the other members of our coalition must debate, in our parliaments, in our press, how to arm more heavily than ever would have been conceivable in peacetime, but nowhere near the level that total war would demand. Public discussion of limited preparedness is a ticklish thing, but we cannot give up discussion without giving up democracy.

The Senate debate on troops to Europe is a classic example of what can happen in any public discussion of limited military preparedness. Once Secretary Marshall made it clear that for the time being our contribution to the defense of Europe would be four additional divisions, Congress got busy nailing down that number—four; as far as it was concerned, four divisions meant four divisions, and not a regiment more. Most Senators wanted to make sure that the number four would not become a sort of algebraic sign of unspecified content; nor was it going to lend itself to constant multiplication. The range of our peacetime military commitments had to be defined, and the Senators thought that it was their duty to hedge the precedent they were establishing with reservations and qualifications.

Yet the Senators could not help but flounder, for they could not legislate how our allies and the enemy would react to their arithmetic. Their decision became an act of qualified psychological warfare, burdened and stifled with plenty of "whereases" and "senses of the Senate." Men elected to their high positions for their skill in the trade of politics had to pass judgment on military matters and translate their political opinions or prejudices into terms of strategy. Those particularly interested in the preservation of western Europe were tempted to argue that six fully equipped American divisions, added to those our European allies would raise, could check the vastly superior forces of the enemy. Those who have no use for our allies could never quite restrain themselves from maligning Europe's will to fight. Through the debate ran the two contradictory fears: that the American forces could not be enough to stem the Communist advance, and that their landing in Europe could be enough to provoke the enemy.

One thing is certain: Our European allies now know that only the Red Army can sweep away all the limitations that the grudging Senate has imposed on America's participation in European de-

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fense. Only the ultimate disaster—Russian invasion—can guarantee the Europeans our full, unqualified help. Yet according to some American commentators, the Europeans should rejoice in the extraordinary precedent that the Senate is supposed to have set.

The Europeans are not likely to be cheered up by the list of preferred allies in the McCarthy resolution. Indeed, it will be difficult for our government to take economic measures aimed at strengthening democratic régimes in Europe after the Senate in a majority vote has shown, to say the least, that it doesn't particularly care about the internal régimes of the countries we take to our side.

Quarantine on Principles

Yet it is said that the Administration can claim at least a measure of success, for its basic proposals have squeaked by, though slightly sterilized. As its own contribution to the process of persuasion, the Administration has particularly insisted on the imminent military danger our country is running. The trouble is that the Administration, beset by so many domestic and external difficulties, has been forced to trade its own foreign policies for rearmament—which is, of course, only a token, or limited, rearmament, intended to make it clear to the enemy that we mean business.

But in what other kinds of business are we willing to engage? This is becoming less and less clear. Probably not the business of total diplomacy, for we cannot work in an enterprise of this kind with Chiang Kai-shek, Franco, and Perón as our partners. And certainly not any kind of business that is guided by ideas or principles, for the Senate has made it clear that, though ideas and principles may be all right in peacetime, they are to be quarantined when the going gets rough and we want allies-for-hire.

All this could be understandable for, during the last war, too, we had to bow to expediency, and after all we came out on top. But the fact is that now we are not at war. Rather we are trying to prevent war by confronting the men of the Kremlin with compelling symbols of our power and determination. Will the Kremlin be frightened and confused by this latest symbol that the U. S. Senate has put together, with all its speeches, resolutions, and votes? Or, if we may ask, who is going to be frightened and confused?

There is indeed something terrifying in the opinion that seems to be prevailing among so many of our leaders that what we need most are weapons and armed manpower. Unquestionably we do need them, and not a single effort should be neglected to satisfy this need in the speediest and most thorough way possible. But if we think that our conflict with Communism is just one of weapons, then, in spite of the enormous superiority of our war potential, we have already lost. If we concentrate only on weapons, neglecting principles, we are bound to be alone, in bad conscience, supported by none of the traditions that have made America.

The Greatest Peril

This is the real character of the peril our nation is facing: We may lose all we have if we do not arm enough, and we may lose ourselves, all our nation has always stood for, if we arm thoughtlessly. Thoughtless armament, plunged into without principles and with meretricious allies, can have us satisfy the enemy's fondest wish—to make us appear to the world as the aggressor. It could turn into runaway armament, driven by sheer chance, unchecked by wisdom or vision.

The danger is that we may become so absorbed in putting our message across to the enemy in the only language he can understand—force—that we may forget how to talk among ourselves and to our allies. For too long, politicians have been using the verbiage of strategy, while a few strategists have let themselves be dragged into the reckless projects of certain politicians. The dismissal of General MacArthur has thrown a tragic light on this state of affairs; it is distressing that such a man as MacArthur should have succumbed to the prevailing confusion between strategy and statesmanship, civilian and military command. The Administration has shown that it is still capable of taking negative actions and chopping off heads. It has still to prove that it can set up principles and follow them.

We must start determining the criteria, the purposes, of the national and international order that ought to be established not sometime in the future when Communism is defeated, but now, in the lands we want to defend from Communism. We must start thinking of a kind of life with some order and values, dedicated to something more than the denial of this hideous, negative thing which is Communism. We, the Americans, must renew communication with all men of good will, for we are now separated from people of other countries not only by the superiority of our wealth but also of our weapons. And finally we must realize, all of us, that military might, in being or potential, can never be the supreme goal of a free nation, not even in a feverish emergency. Particularly when the emergency is of unlimited duration.

—Max Ascoli

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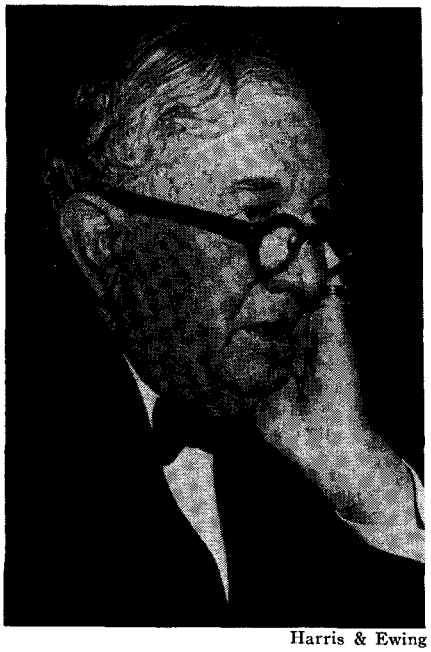
Three Days That Shook the Senate

Twice during the Senate's recent three-day debate on the troops-to-Europe-resolution, Senator George D. Aiken, who thinks for himself, hinted that stranger forces were at work than met the eye. Once, on the floor, he wondered aloud why the efforts to restrict the President's authority to deploy troops abroad would apply to a few countries in western Europe and not to the Chinese mainland. A few hours later he inquired about an amendment offered by Senator Joseph McCarthy: "Would not that imply that the United States should immediately come to the assistance of Nationalist China?" Another Senator, in the privacy of the Senate cloakroom, muttered: "The China Lobby is mixed in this thing up to its neck."

The China Lobby was not the only subterranean force at work during the stormy climax of the so-called Great Debate on April 2, 3, and 4. The whole performance was a dress rehearsal for 1952—battle dress. By squinting one's eyes, one could almost see the posturing Senators as sweaty, shirtsleeved delegates at the national party conventions next year. One thing was clear: the anti-Truman, anti-Eisenhower, anti-bipartisan-foreign-policy forces were riding high.



Harris & Ewing

Tom Connally

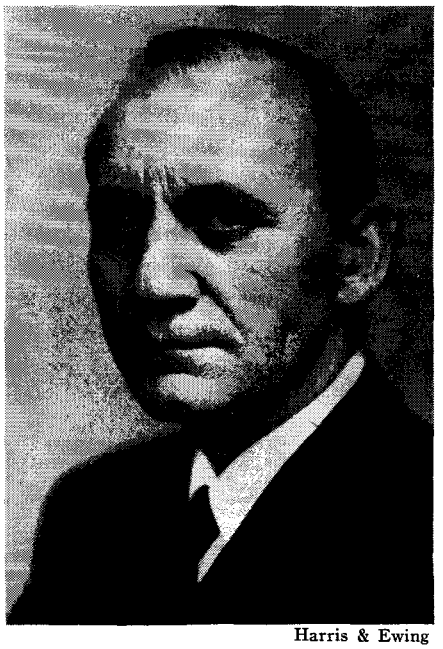
After it was all over, many commentators tried to convince themselves that nothing really unpleasant had happened. A headline in the New York *Times* went: U. S. MESSAGE TO EUROPEANS IS 'THE YANKS ARE COMING'; the *Herald Tribune* editorially sought consolation in the fact that, at one point, thirteen Republican Senators had the courage to resist Senator Bricker's proposal to send the whole debate back to committee; and President Truman informed his press conference that the Senate's action was "further evidence that the country stands firm in its support of the North Atlantic Treaty."

The President, of course, had to emphasize only the positive results of the debate. That is his function. But what actually happened on the Senate floor cannot be forgotten. The motives that made a majority of the Senate accept the McCarthy and McClellan amendments will be with us for a long time to come.

The crucial test—and defeat—for the Administration came, of course, on the McClellan amendment, which said it was the "sense of the Senate" that the President should seek fresh Congressional approval before committing more than four additional divisions to Europe. Senator McClellan, who has just become an authority on foreign policy, said he was attempting to "clarify" the joint Foreign Relations-Armed Services Committee resolution which merely mentioned the need for Congressional approval of "any policy" requiring troop assignments.

This part of the resolution, which had been drawn up by Senator H. Alexander Smith, had been kept ambiguous deliberately in order to satisfy those who favored and those who opposed stricter Congressional control of the Executive. But Senator McClellan's amendment would have the effect, as Senator McMahon said, of "clarifying this resolution the wrong way." It would reopen the Great Debate any time an additional division had to be sent to western Europe.

That is why the Democratic leaders leaders in the Senate, Connally, Russell, and McFarland, having yielded one point after another during the



Harris & Ewing

John L. McClellan

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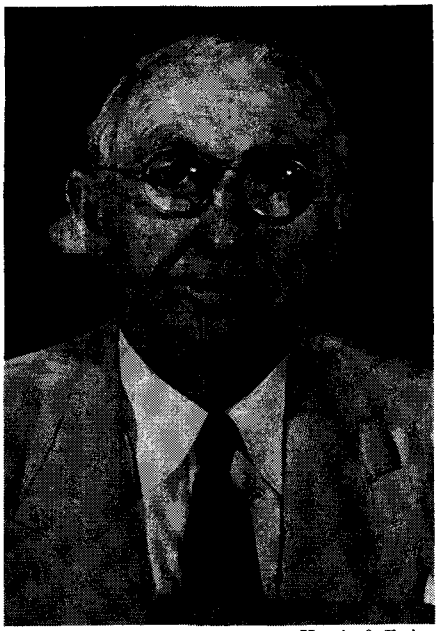

Harris & Ewing

Walter George

three-month-old debate, decided to stand firmly against this one.

On the initial test they won by two votes. But later, when Senator Case of South Dakota asked reconsideration, the majority leaders could see trouble ahead. By the time the Senate clerk got through the G's, defeat had become certain. Senator Walter George of Georgia and Senator J. Allen Frear of Delaware had broken ranks. Now, after three months of inaction amidst the backstage maneuvering, majority leader McFarland scurried about the floor trying to brace up the waverers. He could be seen openly begging Olin Johnston of South Carolina to oppose the amendment. Tom Connally, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, whose job it was to steer the resolution, sat alone, staring stolidly ahead. The amendment carried, 49 to 43. Eleven Democrats, eight of them Southerners, had joined the Republicans in supporting it. When the vote was announced Senator Langer, isolationist from North Dakota, shook hands with Senator Wherry, isolationist from Nebraska.

At the close of the session Wherry was in a triumphant mood. "The McClellan amendment is essentially what I proposed," he said. In another corner of the chamber, a Democratic Senator was white-faced and grim. "This was worse than the day we passed the McCarran Act," he said. "Then we struck at the nation's internal security. This time we're striking at her external security."

The man who did most to undermine the Administration was Senator Walter George, No. 2 man on the Foreign Relations Committee. In long, ponderous expositions of the Constitution, George developed the intellectual argument on which the dissenters could base their stand. It was his theory that the North Atlantic Treaty had curtailed the constitutional prerogative which he freely admitted belonged to the President: the right to deploy troops. This, in his view, explained why Mr. Truman should come to Congress for permission to send troops to western Europe when he obviously can send and has sent them to other parts of the world.

In obvious resentment, Senator Connally aimed some of his deadliest barbs at the senior Senator from Georgia. Glowering in George's direction, he referred to "these pratings about constitutional processes." "I wholly disagree with Senators," said Connally, "who contend that Article 11 [of the treaty] has any effect whatsoever on the Constitution of the United States." Another Southern Senator, who felt particularly bitter over George's role, summed it up: "George may believe in the constitutionalism he spouts, but deep down he has been emotionally opposed to every great foreign-policy step since lend-lease. This time he certainly found constitutionalism a convenient way to throw a monkey wrench into what we were trying to do. I wonder how much longer Southern Democrats are going to stand united behind our foreign policy. There seems darn little reason for those who can't to stay in the same party with the Northern Democrats."

On the other side, it was the junior Senator from Wisconsin, Joseph McCarthy, who rallied the Republicans most effectively. For a good part of two afternoons, McCarthy, slouched against his desk, composed foreign policy on the backs of envelopes. The product was another amendment—"to provide for a utilization of the military and other resources of western Germany and Spain on a voluntary basis . . ." He argued for it in a quiet, engaging tone as if what he had to

Harris & Ewing

Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr.

say was a matter of common knowledge and agreement to the Senators. Using his special vernacular, in which the Truman Doctrine is known as "the Forrestal plan," he explained that his amendment was intended to advise the President and State Department of the Senate's awareness that the policy of "let them fall, but don't let it appear that we are pushing them" is being planned in Europe.

His amendment, he said, would "untie General Eisenhower's hands." Senator Lehman, questioning the assumption that Eisenhower felt his hands were tied, quoted from memory: "General Eisenhower says he does not want participation of Germany until it becomes the desire of the Germans to join wholeheartedly with us . . ."

McCarthy was quickly on his feet reading from a text of Eisenhower's speech. "I am sure the able Senator from New York did not purposely misquote General Eisenhower," he said. Then he read the pertinent paragraph. Only when the vote was over did Lehman discover that McCarthy had dropped this sentence: "I, certainly . . . want no unwilling contingent, no soldiers serving in the pattern of the Hessians who served in our Revolutionary War, serving in any army I command."

The Democrats, visibly wary of crossing McCarthy, argued that it was improper to "draft foreign policy on

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the floor of the Senate." Not a single Republican, including those who had signed "The Declaration of Conscience" against him, cast a dissenting vote, and with the help of two Democrats, McClellan and Eastland, the McCarthy amendment was tacked onto what was supposed to be a major pronouncement in foreign policy.

In the early evening of April 4, the time allotted for debate ran out. Just before the final vote on the amended resolution, Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., the junior Senator from Massachusetts, walked across to the desk of the senior Senator from Texas. Connally did not even look up. "I am going to vote for it," he said. Senator Lodge walked back. The vote was 69 to 21 in favor of the resolution. Four divisions would go to Europe with the Senate's approval. Then the Senate, against a last protest of Connally, voted 45 to 41 to send the controversy to the House.

Before he stood up to make his closing speech, Senator Connally looked like a tired man, whose mind was far away. Maybe he was thinking about the White House, once so active but now remote and helpless in critical debates like this one; maybe he thought about the inadequate Majority Leader who at one point had pled, "I think I certainly am entitled to the courtesy of being listened to for a few minutes"; maybe he thought about Senator Lodge who, in spite of all his good will, could not yet fill the role of Senator Vandenberg.

Connally began his summation: "Mr. President, this debate has been called the great debate. Personally, I do not agree with that magnificent tribute to the debate. I have never known of any debate in which there were expressed so many different theories and concepts of the law and of the Constitution, so many precedents, hunches, and all the other things that go to make up the opinion of any Senator."

Finally, the recess bell rang. The senior Senator from Texas, his white curly hair brushed back over the stiff white collar, rose, pushed his way through the swinging doors, tipped his black fedora to a young lady standing outside, and walked alone down the Capitol corridor with the tiny, careful, shuffling steps of an old man.

—Douglass Cater

As It Looked from Europe

Paris, April 6

By coincidence the second anniversary of the North Atlantic Treaty, in the beginning of April, came at a time when, all over Europe, for one reason or another, men's spirits were peculiarly troubled. In almost every European nation some political incident occurred in early April which led to renewed questioning and argument as to the western world's actions in pursuit of peace. In Great Britain the incident was Morrison's first speech on foreign policy. In France it was the debate on the economic measures necessitated by rearmament. In Denmark there were elections, which were largely dominated by foreign policy. In West Germany new possibilities of action were opened up by the newly-acquired freedom of industrial production and its resulting need for enlarged markets. In Italy the coalition Government was shaken when three Socialist Ministers withdrew from the Cabinet.

Unable to thread its way through the interminable procedural labyrinth of the Paris conference of deputy foreign ministers, which went into its fourth week, European public opinion could distinguish less and less clearly the real causes of international tension and the true aims of the West. That was probably the way the Soviets wanted it.

It was in this climate of uncertainty, that the American Senate came to the final vote that closed the Great Debate on U. S. foreign policy. Naturally enough, Europeans have some difficulty in following the legal niceties of the struggle between the President and the Congress. Naturally, too, the moral drawn by Europeans from the Senate debate is that victory went to the side that most mistrusts Atlantic policy and most actively seeks to limit its scope and development.

Unfortunately, the debate has had a further consequence: More and more, the Congress of the United States is coming to appear to Europeans as the most unstable, unaccountable, and consistently inscrutable legislative body in the world. European bewilderment at Congressional action has been growing for months; it has not been lessened by the voting on the McClellan and McCarthy amendments.

Some weeks ago General Eisenhower addressed a "closed" Senate committee session. According to reports published in Europe, the general assured the Senators that with twelve divisions he was certain he could manage to hold out on the Breton peninsula—a potential front narrower than the peninsular front in Korea.

When this version (which has never been confirmed) of the Atlantic Army's future role reached Europe it stupefied even the firmest supporters of the pact. Americans in Paris took us aside, of course, informing us confidentially (their information appeared almost at once in the press) that Eisenhower's statement was probably necessary "to persuade the Senators."

Every time that General MacArthur makes one of his increasingly irresponsible political or strategic declarations, we ask ourselves with amazement how it is possible—after all this time and all this talk—that the President has not yet succeeded in imposing a clear and definite limit on the proconsul-commander's authority. And, once more, the same Americans in Paris hasten to explain that the President cannot openly oppose MacArthur's many supporters in the Senate. The final result is that "the Senators" have come to appear to Europeans as the most unreliable and unpredictable of allies.

Today Europe no longer identifies the United States with the President and his Administration, but with the Senate. And Europe does not yet see any reasons to trust this new ally. If a basis for confidence is not provided soon, the political effects will be marked and they will be serious. Meanwhile, the moral and political foundations on which the Atlantic alliance is built are crumbling in mistrust.

In the chess game that is being played in Europe the Soviets have of course seen this new opening. It is a matter of extraordinary urgency for the Senators to make their next few moves carefully.

—Jean-Jacques Servan Schreiber

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Perón's Great Atomic Discovery

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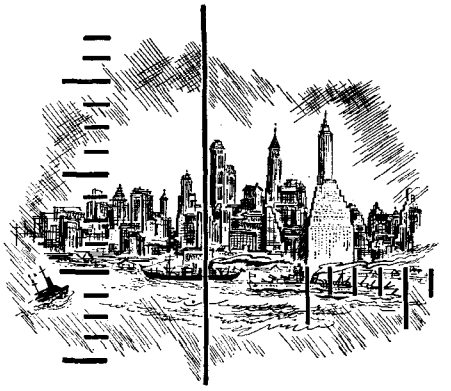
Preparedness Beneath the Seas



In two world wars, our serious underestimates of the danger from enemy submarine action have brought us to the brink of disaster. The authority for this statement is Dr. Vannevar Bush, author of *Modern Arms and Free Men.* He concludes, reasonably enough: "We must not do it again."

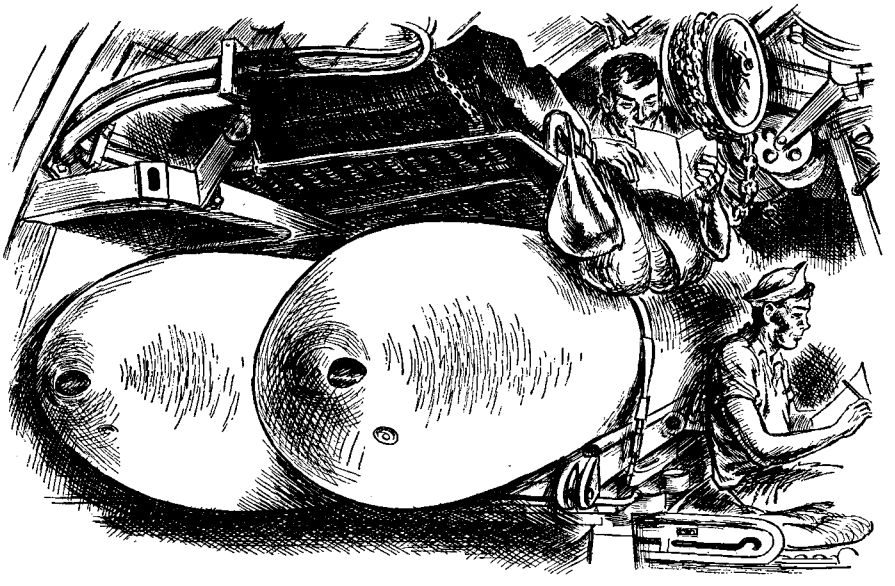
Submarines will probably not be used against us unless there is all-out war. Like the heavy bomber, the submarine is a weapon built for total war, and submarine attacks have the same particularly inflammatory effect as bombings on the passions of the nation that is attacked. U-boat sinkings in the Atlantic were as responsible as any other single factor for bringing the United States into the First World War. Torpedoings of American tankers off the Eastern seaboard, with the resultant "brownouts" of coastal cities, first brought home the realities of the Second World War to millions of Americans.

Present indications are that Russia's main naval effort is concentrated on building a powerful underwater fleet. The reasons are far from mysterious: First, and perhaps foremost, the Soviet Union is traditionally a great land power. Russia has made no special effort to keep up in the surface-navy-building race. Not committed to the maintenance of overseas shipping lanes for the movement of men and supplies, the Russians have no naval-transportation problem.

We do. Our global military commitments make control of the sea imperative. But the submarine is built for the precise purpose of breaking up this control, and the Russians are building great numbers of submarines.

This situation would be serious, though not critical, if we were still faced with conventional Second World War types of submarines. By the end of the war we had learned pretty well, through trial and error, how to find U-boats and destroy them.

Locating devices such as sonar and its robot offspring, the sonobuoy, as well as radar and magnetic airborne detection equipment, became highly effective. If the U-boat surfaced to charge its batteries, radar located it. If it submerged, the sonic devices—both air- and ship-borne—caught on to its noisy maneuvers. Pinpointed by these methods, the submerged sub was too slow and clumsy to avoid the swift destroyers and carrier-based aircraft that swooped down upon it like gulls.



In December, 1943, Admiral Doenitz wrote, "For some months past, the enemy has rendered the U-boat war ineffective. He has achieved this object, not through superior tactics or strategy, but through his superiority in the fields of science; this finds its expression in the modern battle weapon—detection. By this means he has torn our sole offensive weapon in the war against the Anglo-Saxons from our hands. It is essential to victory that we make good our scientific disparity and thereby restore to the U-boat its fighting qualities."

Make good the Germans did, with two innovations that swung the balance of undersea warfare once more in favor of the attack. Luckily these, like the V-weapons, were developed too late to affect the outcome, but the margin was uncomfortably close. Unfortunately the files on Germany's experience and an undetermined but sizable number of German technicians were taken triumphantly off to Russia as spoils of war. It is this latter fact that makes the threat of the Russian undersea fleet so serious.

The two major revolutionary innovations were the silent-running, high-speed submarine equipped with snorkel, and the long-range torpedo.

High underwater speed is vital to successful submarine attack because it nullifies an important asset of the surface vessel. Fast submarines can

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quickly maneuver into attack positions and quickly get away. The conventional U-boat's slowness had enabled the Allies to run the *Queen Mary,* the *Queen Elizabeth,* and other twenty-knot-plus vessels on an unescorted transatlantic shuttle service with impunity. But the late-model German-type subs, which could theoretically operate at twenty-four knots or better, submerged, could turn our merchant marine into a fleet of sitting ducks.

Even more important than increased speed is the development of the snorkel. Using it, the sub builder approaches his dream of a true submarine. For what we call a submarine is actually a submersible torpedo boat, as its original nomenclature indicated. It can go down but it can't stay down. It must surface periodically to get the air that runs the engines that charge the batteries that propel the ship when it submerges once more. And during this surface period the submarine is particularly vulnerable to radar search and to surface-ship and aerial attack.

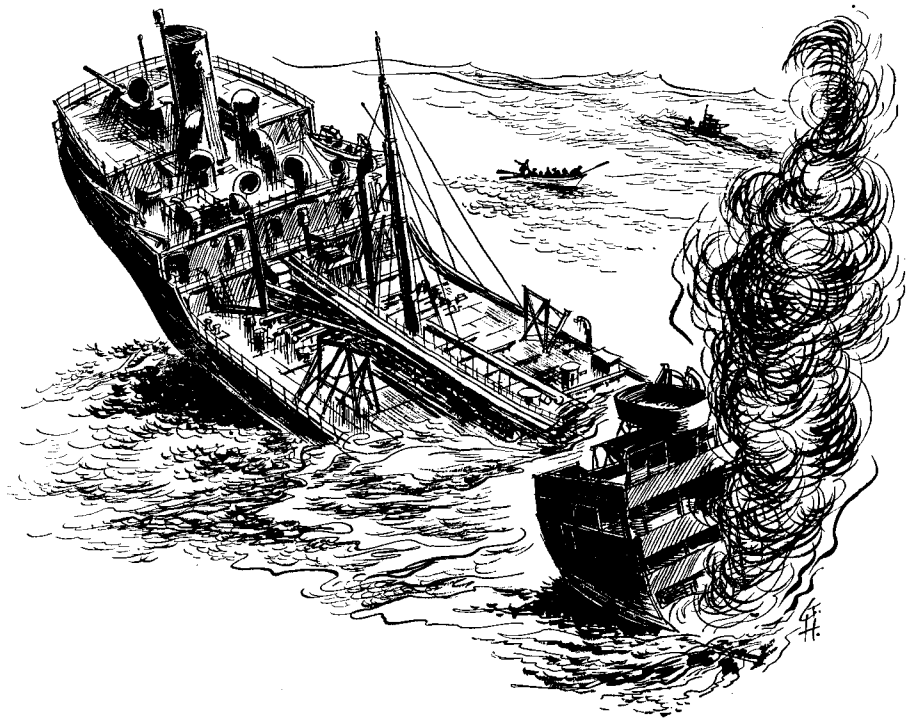
With the snorkel the sub need not come up all the way. Instead it sticks a nostril-like pipe just far enough above the ocean's surface to suck in air. An ingenious valve device keeps out any waves that slop over the inlet. Another nostril beneath the surface exhales exhaust gases.

A snorkel-equipped sub can remain submerged indefinitely, except for the necessity of refuelling and to meet the psychological needs of a cramped crew. A snorkeling sub is not completely immune to radar search, but it presents a decidedly smaller target. It is practically invisible to the eye if any sea at all is running.

The long-range torpedo, especially if equipped with acoustical or other homing devices, tips the odds in this devil's wager even more in favor of the submarine. For with radar pretty well canceled out by the snorkel, searching ships become more dependent upon sonar — the underwater counterpart of radar—the range of which is limited by several physical factors. So if a navy is willing to spend enough money on a big enough torpedo, it can fire its underwater missiles at ranges exceeding that of the sonar searching device.

The U.S. Navy is keenly aware of these dangers. That is why it has assigned top priority to undersea-warfare projects both offensive and defensive in nature. The hunter-killer group of the Second World War, consisting of a carrier, several destroyers, and assorted aircraft, has not been abandoned, but it has been adapted to cope with the new weapons.

The carrier—heart of the force—is no longer the little "jeep" of the war, but big and rugged, like the *Sicily* or *Saipan,* built on a cruiser or tanker hull. Its built-in "combat-information center" is packed with the latest in radar and sonic-detection gear. We also are building new "killer" destroyers, especially designed and equipped for anti-submarine operations. On these, conventional topside armament has been reduced to make way for anti-sub weapons, and the use of aluminum superstructures has cut down weight and added speed.



Naval aircraft have become more specialized. The hunter planes are equipped with radar gear, while killer aircraft are armed with high-velocity, steel-tipped rockets, capable of passing all the way through a submarine's hull. Included among the new weapons for which the Navy has earmarked $400 million are high-speed torpedoes that can be used against submarines. These can be fired from surface ships, submarines, or aircraft, and according to Navy sources, "will present a positive threat to any submarine now in existence or being built."

The old-fashioned depth charge has been long since replaced by the "hedgehog" and the "mousetrap"—multiple-projectile launchers that fire their missiles in a shotgun pattern ahead of the attacking ship.

To offset the range shortcomings of sonar the Navy has other devices in reserve. Admiral C. B. Momsen, until recently Assistant Chief of Naval Operations for Undersea Warfare, puts it this way: "If we cannot project our detection out to the new torpedo range, then we must project our listening platform, just as the airplane has extended the platform of the gun."

To do this the Navy calls on its long-range patrol bombers and improved models of the blimp and the helicopter. The hovering characteristics of the latter allow them to squat over a suspected area and "listen" for trouble.

But the problem we face is no longer simply that of protecting our convoys, which was our prime concern during the past war. The new range and anti-detection characteristics of the modern submarine have made possible an attack against our mainland. We ourselves have already fired guided missiles experimentally from a submarine in Pacific waters, a fact that raises the fearful thought of a lone sub slipping into a busy harbor and discharging an atomic missile or torpedo. The submarine, together with its crew, would be

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expendable, of course, but that, in war, is not and has never been a deterrent.

So the Navy feels that it must carry the anti-submarine war to the enemy by air attacks on sub pens and factories. Aerial and underwater sowing of mines equipped with the new and tricky combination of pressure, acoustic, and magnetic fuzes will undoubtedly play a big and increasingly important role.

In March, in the yards of the Electric Boat Company at Groton, Connecticut, the Navy launched the first of its new anti-sub submarines—the K-1. This 750-ton model can be built quicker and in larger quantities than the bigger fleet type. The advent of this especially designed submarine is a fairly radical departure from conventional anti-sub tactics, since hitherto a submarine has not been considered a renumerative primary target for another sub.

The little anti-sub submarine lacks range, since its size precludes large amounts of fuel-storage space. But it is big enough to cross an ocean and can lie in wait off the exits to sub pens and thus help to choke off the threat at its source. The Navy is keeping its own counsel about the possibility, but we may also take a leaf from the Nazi book and convert our otherwise obsolete models into underwater tankers —called "milk cows" by the Germans. It is known that at least one sub has been thus converted.

The Navy also is pinning high hopes on still another solution to the fuel problem—one that would eliminate entirely the necessity for refueling. A shipborne engine using nuclear fuel has already progressed a good way beyond the design stage. Its first practical use will be in an undersea craft, since nuclear fuel requires no oxygen. The problem of anti-radiation shielding will be compensated for by the elimination of many tons of batteries and oil.

Such a vessel would be a true submarine, capable of cruising the seven seas buttoned up for as long as the crew could resist claustrophobia. Submerged and silent, it would be immune to detection devices as we now know them. Laden with mines or missiles, equipped with atomic warheads, it could be the most fearsome sea-borne menace yet conjured up by the mind of warmaking man.

—JOHN LOOSBROCK

What Makes Paratroopers Jump

A couple of months ago I spent a day at Fort Benning, Georgia, visiting the paratroop school where volunteers go through a three-week course of jump training. The next morning I was oriented in what I had seen by a tall, bony, slow-speaking executive officer.

"The colonel is tied up at headquarters so he asked me to talk to you before you leave," he began. "I know you have been shown through our routine and that you have talked to some of the instructors and men. It's a pretty big operation to grasp in one day.

"I came here to learn to jump ten years ago and I've been in the airborne ever since, in combat and out, and there's certainly a lot I don't know about it," the executive officer said. He knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "It's kind of hard to put in words, but there's something about this business that I'd like to get across to you; something that isn't apparent out there." He nodded at the window through which I could see the big 250-foot jump towers silvery in the spring sun.

"To jump out of an airplane is an unnatural act. Every time you do it you are violating nature and your own inclinations. In that respect it is like combat. Thousands of dollars have been spent by doctors and scientists trying to find some way to separate in advance of battle the men who will fight from those who won't. They haven't succeeded. But we never have to worry about how our paratroopers will stand up in combat. They never fail.

"A paratrooper never fails because he has mastered himself. He knows that every other trooper has done the same thing. So troopers never let their fellows down. Only an old and battle-scarred outfit has the close kinship that exists in the paratroopers even in peacetime. Jumping becomes an act of faith, and no matter what else a man is—and we have a few bad apples—as long as he will jump he's one of us."

Not long after my visit to Benning I was chatting with a paratrooper friend in the Pentagon. He is a regular officer with a master's degree from one of our biggest universities and is known as one of the Army's bright young men. I told him what the executive officer at Benning had said. "He's right," he said. "It's like that. I didn't become a paratrooper until after the war and ever since I got out of jump school I've been holed up here in the Pentagon. So I have never served with an airborne outfit. But I get down to Bragg occasionally to make a jump and I see my friends who are jumpers. There's nothing quite like it."

He had volunteered for the airborne only after careful study and deliberation. "Lots of men, especially the nineteen- and twenty-year-old enlisted men, volunteer for the airborne out of a spirit of adventure or because of the extra pay or because some buddy talks them into it," he said. "But I went into it cautiously. When I was finishing up my work at the university I gave a lot of thought to my future in the Army. I decided the airborne had the rosiest future.

"I examined the injury statistics and found how really low they are, something like 0.5 per cent and going down all the time. I'm not especially brave; I'm what the medics call an acrophobe —have a morbid fear of height that almost pulls me over when I'm on a high place. But I went into it because I satisfied myself that if I did everything by the numbers and followed my instructors carefully, I'd make it all right. Since I finished jump school

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I've made enough jumps to convince me that there is very little danger if you go by the book. Most of the fatalities are due to carelessness."

He went on to describe some of his experiences at jump school. "I was unfortunate on two accounts. There's a regulation that says anyone who is over thirty-five or a lieutenant colonel or higher can take a short course which eliminates a lot of the hardest physical activity and some of the tower jumps. I'm under thirty-five and I'm a major, so I lost out on both counts. Then when I got to jump school I was the ranking man of my group. That meant I had to lead the way. Actually, I didn't have to, of course, but you have to keep your self-respect. The day they took us to the thirty-four-foot towers a noncom instructor explained it all to us. Then one of the instructors jumped. Then they asked for volunteers. I figured I had to volunteer first. So I did. All together I made seventeen jumps off that tower. I was black and blue. That thirty-four-foot tower is the man-killer. Nothing else even approaches it. It's where they eliminate most of the quitters."

I remembered the morning I visited the thirty-four-foot towers. "This is where they separate the men from the boys," the captain who was escorting me remarked. After watching a bit I saw what he meant. The students jump from the tower with a single strap, one end of which is fastened to their harness and the other end to a trolley that runs down the cable from the top of the tower. The shock that comes when the slack in the strap is taken up snaps a man's head and contorts his body. A young private first class described the sensation a couple of years ago in one of the service magazines:

" 'Keep that ugly head of yours down when you leave the door [the noncom instructor told him]. Get your feet together. Count. Keep your eyes open. Keep your arms into your sides, and your hands on your reserve [parachute]. Make a quarter turn when you leave. Check your canopy after you get the opening shock. And take up a landing position before you hit the sawdust pits.'

"All I heard was 'sawdust pits.'

"I heard him yell, 'Go!' and felt his hand slap at my leg. And to my astonishment I went.

"I didn't keep my head down. Or my feet together. Or count. Or keep my arms into my sides—or make a quarter turn—or keep my eyes open. In fact, I didn't do a damn thing—but pray.

"After I'd bounced down the wire cable to the pit, I saw another smiling sergeant waiting for me.

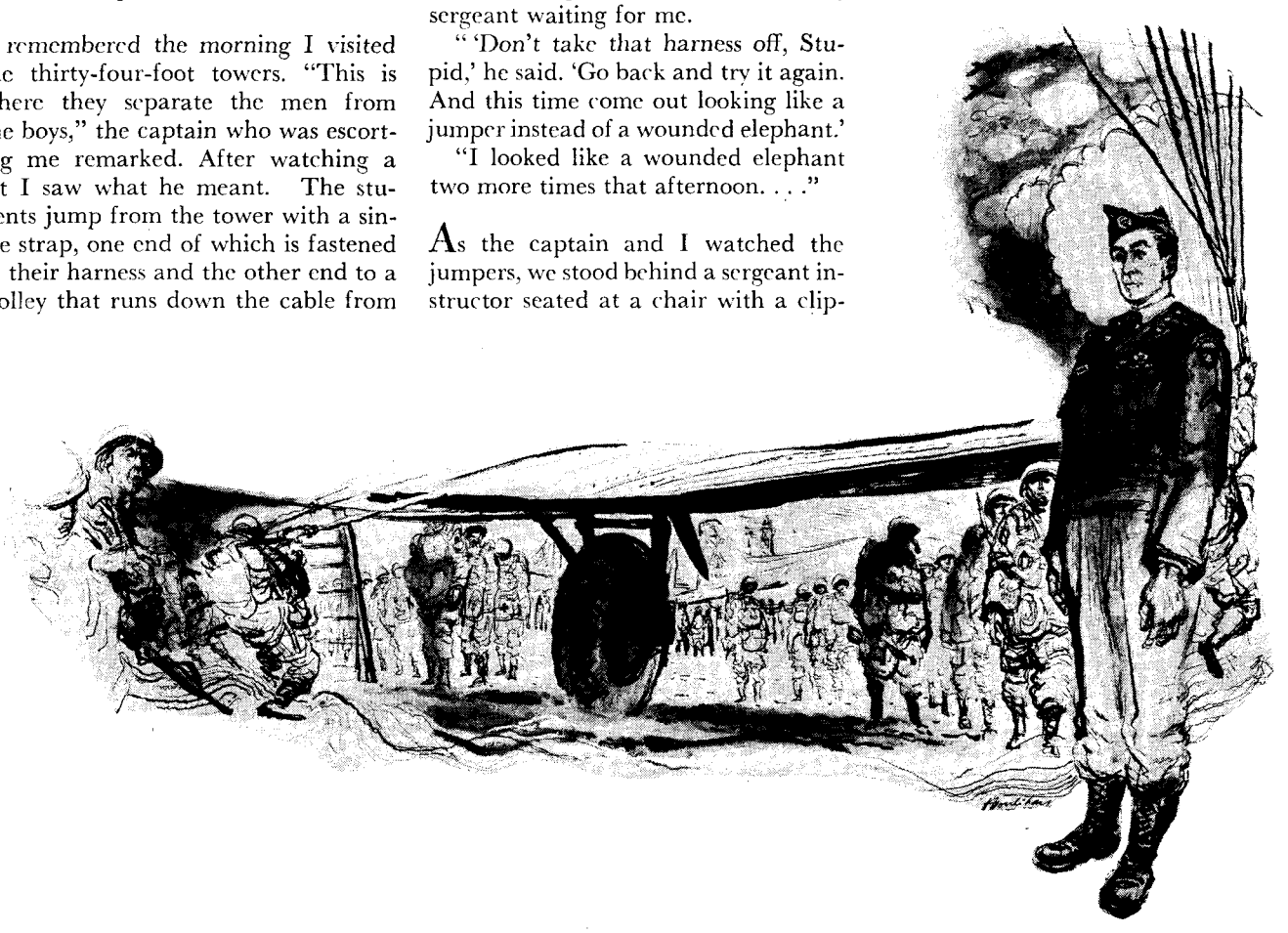
" 'Don't take that harness off, Stupid,' he said. 'Go back and try it again. And this time come out looking like a jumper instead of a wounded elephant.'

"I looked like a wounded elephant two more times that afternoon. . . ."

As the captain and I watched the jumpers, we stood behind a sergeant instructor seated at a chair with a clipboard. I peered over his shoulder. There was a list of names and marks after each name. As each man jumped he watched him carefully. Then after the man had unhooked himself from the cable and knocked off most of the sawdust, he would double-time to the sergeant and stand at attention as he heard the verdict. The sergeant was by turns encouraging, scornful, or sarcastic. "You're pretty sad," he said to one perspiring young trooper. "About everything you did was wrong. You had your eyes closed. You didn't keep your feet together. You didn't count. . . . Get in line to go back up." He made a mark after the man's name on the clipboard.

A husky Negro, his face wet with sweat and stained with dirt, was next. "Okay, Brown," the instructor said. "But get that helmet strapped tighter unless you want a headache you'll never forget." He put an "S" for satisfactory after Brown's name—the only name on the list that had a full row of them and no other mark.

As the captain and I walked away I



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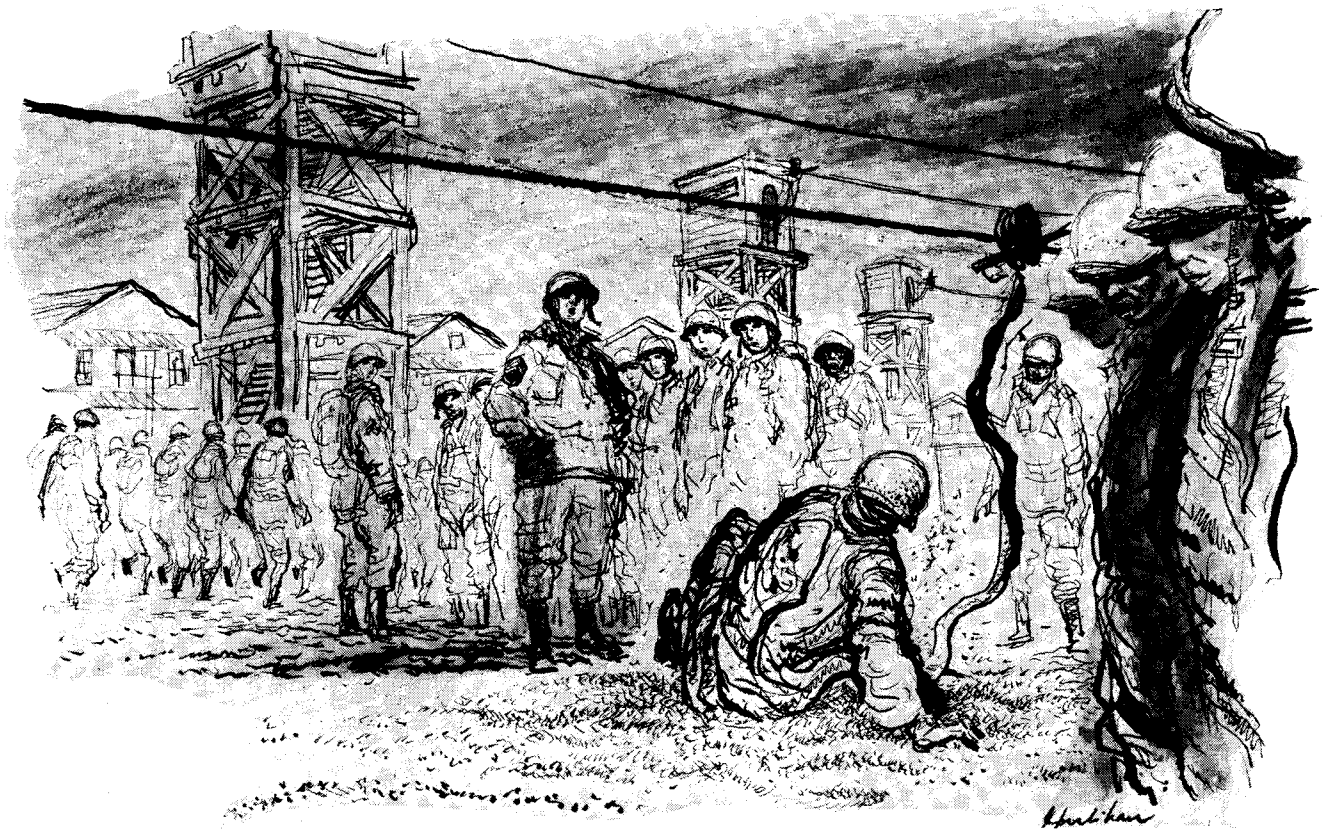
mentioned this to him. "Is that right?" he said. "I didn't notice. The colored boys are treated like everyone else here." How did the percentage of colored and white washouts compare? He didn't know, doubted if such a record was kept.

The psychological process by which a man steels himself to jump may be discerned dimly in the tragic experience of a young soldier a few years ago. It was his first crack at the thirty-four-foot jump. He and three other student jumpers were on the tower with a sergeant instructor. He was the first in line. From below came the call for a ten-minute break. "Okay, everybody out!" cried the sergeant, and dashed down the stairs. The student-jumper, transfixed by fear, leaped out of the door of the tower and plunged to the ground. He broke his pelvis. Consciously or unconsciously, he had decided to jump when the sergeant spoke to him. He failed to realize what the sergeant had said or to notice that he had left the door to go down the stairs. A chain is now placed across the door when the tower is not in use, and the instructors are the last down.

Jump-school training is a blend of technical instruction, physical conditioning, and indoctrination. The indoctrination is most subtle; the agent for imparting it is largely physical conditioning. The punishment for minor misbehavior (anything more than minor rates dismissal from jump school), such as inattention, is push-ups, a gruelling exercise and a rugged discipline. It is a common sight to see student troopers, singly and in groups, doing as many as twenty-five at one time.

The indoctrination and the discipline are designed to give a man confidence, and to confirm him in his desire to be a paratrooper. They cannot make him want to be a trooper. Major Spurgeon H. Neel, Jr., an Army doctor and paratrooper, currently surgeon of the 82nd Airborne Division, has written revealingly in *The Military Surgeon* of the motivations of men who become paratroopers. The man who wants to perform the "dangerous act" of parachuting creates "a vital and continuous conflict within the mind," Major Neel says. "The volition for the final physical act [of jumping] is but the resultant of these multiple instinctive and conscious desires. The parachutist is usually unaware of these subconscious conflicts. . . ." Major Neel believes that the "abnormal reaction" of jumping from an aircraft is possible "only when the individual is confident that the end merits the means . . ." It is the problem of modern man, magnified as in a carnival mirror. "Our whole civilization, and our present communal form of living, are the results of our ability to resolve our basic conflicts between instinctive desires and the good of the community," he writes. The "community" is not the nation or the Army but the airborne unit of which the paratrooper is a member, and his comrades. The trooper is proud of his outfit, his uniform, extra pay, identifying insignia, and jump boots. "Individual morale and unit *esprit-de-corps* must be maintained at a high level. Otherwise, the men required will not volunteer for airborne units, and once qualified, their ardor for airborne duty will quickly cool," Major Neel wrote.

What to do when a qualified jumper refuses to jump, writes Major Neel, "is one of the most important medico-



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legal questions facing airborne commanders today." Major Neel is convinced from his study of paratroopers and injury and death statistics that fear of death is not a major cause of jump refusal. "It seems," he writes, "to be a fear of falling freely in space. . . . The peak of the anxiety is while standing in the door immediately before making the decision to jump. The parachutist is in no danger at this time, but is seeing familiar objects at an unfamiliar range, and at the same time contemplating leaving the relative security of the aircraft. Immediately following the opening shock of the developing parachute, a tremendous wave of relief sweeps over the jumper, although he knows *consciously* that the most dangerous part of his descent, the landing, is yet to come."

The rate of jump refusal is much lower on night jumps and many paratroopers prefer to jump at night, although the chance of injury is greater. Major Neel believes this is because "at the moment of decision, the trooper is spared the additional discomfort of including distant objects on the ground in his visual sphere of reference." He isn't afraid of what he can't see.

The student jumper makes five jumps to earn his wings. But he may still refuse to jump at a later time. Indeed, most refusals come when new troopers make their first jump after qualification, Major Neel has found. Often this jump is delayed two or three months, and without the "group pressure" of the school the new trooper may find that he cannot overcome his instinctive fears. New family responsibilities, increasing age, and recent injury are given by Major Neel as reasons for jump refusal by old-timers. The solution is the age-old solution to most military morale problems: Commanders must take an interest in every man as an individual, make him feel that he is wanted, that his contributions to the unit are valued. The word for it is leadership.

The normal pace of a paratrooper is double time. It is as much the mark of the trooper as the wings, the airborne patch, or the shiny jump boots. The airborne patch was once taken away by official decree and later restored, and there is at present a controversy over the boots, but the early paratroop leader who hit on the idea

that troopers should always move on the double was a genius whose creation did as much for the spirit of the paratrooper as the Napoleonic reforms did for the armies of revolutionary France.

The fierce pride of the paratrooper was clearly exhibited a couple of years ago when the Pentagon attempted to bring some uniformity into the tabs and patches sported by the postwar army. The airborne patch—a simple cloth device with the word AIRBORNE, worn above the divisional insignia—was banned, along with the airborne cap patch—an open parachute. The indignation of the troopers was every bit as bitter as the Marines' over the indiscreet statement of Mr. Truman. Where the Marines had a national sounding board, the paratroopers could sound off only in the service press, and they did. Eventually, the Pentagon had to capitulate. The lesson seems to be that it doesn't pay to tinker with the bits of colored cloth a soldier cherishes despite the desirability of camouflage.

Next to their wings and patches, the paratroopers are proud of their shiny jump boots. But they have not been successful in keeping them exclusive—what with every Army and Navy store advertising "genuine" jump boots and non-airborne commanders allowing their men to wear them. But a harsher blow fell when the Army quit issuing the special jump boot. That happened late in the war, and the airborne is still furious. A major at Fort Benning told me it was a grave mistake. Jump boots were especially made for the purpose, he explained. The tops are perfectly smooth, and the inner edge of the heels are cut off at a slant. These features, the major said, prevent the trooper from having his boots catch in the lines of his parachute when he jumps. The combat boots adopted by the infantry in the Second World War have a strap and buckle at the top which must be covered by tape before each jump, and the heels are square.

The new boot issued to all soldiers doesn't have the strap and buckle, but the heel is square. Most paratroopers still buy the original boot, ordering them from the New England manufacturer who made them for the government during the war. The boots sold in Army and Navy surplus stores and advertised by mail-order houses are seldom the genuine article.

The pride the airborne takes in its heroes is symbolic of its high morale and loyalties. Few general officers have ever commanded the affections of their men to such a personal degree as James M. "Slim Jim" Gavin of the 82nd Airborne Division. He took command in France in 1944 and didn't give it up until 1948, a tenure that far exceeded that of any other wartime division commander. When he left, a lieutenant in the division told me later, every officer and enlisted man thought the great days of the outfit were over. It was a tough spot for his successor, an unknown major general by the name of Clovis E. Byers, who had served as a staff officer in the far-off Pacific during most of the war and postwar years. "We didn't think any general could begin to fill General Gavin's jump boots," the lieutenant told me. "And General Byers didn't, but he proved to be a good man in his own boots and we were sorry to see him go when he went to the Pentagon to serve on the General Staff."

—JOHN B. SPORE

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Britain: Fears and a Festival

EDITOR'S NOTE: Ever since there's been an England, most of the rest of the world has had a hard time avoiding the extremes of Anglophilia and Anglophobia. Anglophilia can easily turn into servile admiration of everything British, Anglophobia into the blind resentment of a disgruntled servant.

Now America has inherited with a vengeance this British privilege of throwing other people off balance. To our amazement, we find ourselves the object of slavish imitation or (to us) baffling hatred. If anything, our case is worse, for the Anglophile molded himself on what he thought was the English gentleman, while the Americanophile tries to impersonate our public-relations expert. Be that as it may, the fact that we seem to have taken Britain's role as the main object of foreign flattery or malice cannot help hurting British pride.

Just because the British know that their country is so dependent on ours, they are now using all their stubborn determination to achieve as much economic self-sufficiency and political autonomy as they can. They want to keep their customs, no matter how odd these may seem to us. They don't want to be leveled by what people abroad call, for lack of a better word, Americanism.

The British are the nonconformists of our day, though instead of sailing toward new worlds they now hold fast to their dear old land and to their homes. Sometimes when they indulge in outbursts of anti-Americanism they can be irritating beyond words. And certainly there is scarcely another group anywhere as exasperating as the British Americanophobe non-Communist leftists, these people who are not even good at being fellow travelers—unpaid, erratic camp followers of Communism, probably as obnoxious to the Communists as they are to us.

Yet let's forget the eccentrics and misanthropes whom England has always produced. The British success in maintaining their own secluded and at the same time incredibly contagious civilization will make the world—and ourselves first of all—the richer.

The three articles that follow, written by British writers, describe the mood of Britain in this tense spring of 1951.

1. The Dim View Of America

In his old age, Marshal Foch used to say that after he had commanded the armies of a coalition, he lost some of his admiration for Napoleon. The leaders of the western powers, under constant pressure from their own public opinions, parliaments, press, and political opponents, must envy Stalin as much as Foch envied Napoleon. For Stalin isn't arguing, he is telling—and in secret. At a time when great decisions must be taken in common, decisions that will be wise only if taken in mutual confidence, the air is thick with controversy.

The conflict over policy in East Asia has been the chief source of Anglo-American tension in the past year. Although China is the most obvious ground of difference between the policies of the two countries, it is of course likely that if it were not China it would be something else for the handful of Britons who happen to be incorrigible lovers of the U.S.S.R. What is biting them is the painful disillusionment of a love affair that has gone wrong. The pain of disillusionment with the loved one is too great to be borne, so they must put the blame somewhere, and what more obvious scapegoat than the United States—that country of wicked capitalists which persecutes Paul Robeson and has committed the unforgivable sin of not going bust?

But it is not the British "intellectuals" of a past generation who really matter; it is the generality of simple souls of

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the present—the average Labour Party committee member, a good many of the rank-and-file M.P.'s. It is they who can be persuaded to swallow the silliest of anti-American libels and, what is much more important, to emphasize the charges against America that are factually true, even if torn out of context and spiced with conjecture.

For instance, there was the conjunction in time of the remission of the death sentence on some Nazi leaders in Landsberg prison and the execution of seven Negroes in Virginia for rape. The guilt or innocence of the Negroes was not the question. But it was a fact that no white man had ever been executed for rape in Virginia and that seven black men were.

I was asked at a meeting why these Negroes had been "lynched" and why President Truman had not interfered to save them. Answers that they had not been lynched and that President Truman had no authority were, by some, obviously regarded as mere sophistry.

It was, in any case, an awkward coincidence that mercy was extended to mass murderers at the same time. It was perhaps even more of an awkward coincidence that a former Secretary of War, Robert Patterson, in his private capacity as a lawyer, had appeared in Germany in defense of the threatened German cartels. Both had occurred after the sudden alarming American pressure to arm Germany at once and on almost any terms, which seemed to threaten Britishers with the prospect of spirited bidding for German favors between the United States and the U.S.S.R., of which the price would be paid by the nations of western Europe. For there is still, in Europe, an unresolved fear of Germany, as in Australia and New Zealand there is open fear of a powerful Japan. Both emotions have been brought to the surface by the belligerent talk of some Americans in the last few months.

Heard from across the Atlantic, the clamor in America for the punishment of China sounds like an emotional reaction that reflects not only American anger but also a seeming American conviction of universal omnipotence—a conviction on the Americans' part that the U.S.S.R has the more reason to fear a showdown. But for us in London and Paris as well as in Singapore and Saigon, there are some victories that we can just barely afford better than defeats. What Korean, North or South, not blindly partisan, can rejoice wholeheartedly in the victories of either side, given the price paid by his people and his land?

For two generations, America has been represented here as the home of unbridled capitalism. "Free enterprise" may have a very different sound in the ear of one conditioned by reading the *Wall Street Journal* and of one conditioned by reading the Labourite London *Daily Herald*.

One form of the picture of "one hundred per cent capitalist America" still in the British mind arises from an illusion about America that Americans innocently do much to foster. Since they are anxious not to be taken for suckers, Americans make themselves out to be much more hard-boiled than they are. So what are often acts of sensible, humane, enlightened self-interest or, in not a few cases, acts of simple generosity, can easily be represented as being deep-dyed Wall Street plots to create markets into which American goods can be thrust.

The argument runs rather like this: America is ruled by Wall Street; Wall Street cares for nothing but brutally extracted profit; any American governmental action must be dictated by Wall Street for Wall Street. So Marshall aid *must* be designed to create markets for Coca-Cola, Cadillacs, and cotton.

This argument is especially powerful in a country like Britain, where by history as well as by endless propaganda, the need for a great export market is part of a national tradition. That exports play a very small part in the American economy is hard to bring home to British audiences.

Where the simple statistical fact is accepted, however reluctantly, a further argument is often produced in a crude version of Keynesian economics. The Americans have to export, not to buy food and raw materials but to avoid a slump, to inject purchasing power into the American economy. "That is why Congress votes these billions—they have to, and Americans should be grateful for our taking the stuff off their hands," the argument runs. To the question why it would not be economically as easy, and politically far more profitable, to spend the money on American backward areas and distribute the surpluses among voters who could then rush off to the grocery stores or car dealers, I have as yet had no reply.

I recently had a good example of this view when I asked one man why he thought the Americans were in Korea at all and was told "Because it is an American colony." I. e: The immense effort of the Korean War was being made to protect the American investments which must be there; otherwise the immense effort of the Korean War would not be made.

It is not only that America is deemed

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to be ruled by ruthless magnates desperate for export markets; it is a country where internal brutality is rampant, according to victims of the Kremlin's propaganda. There is lynching and every form of color prejudice and oppression, they hold. And indeed, every violent speech by a Southern Congressman, every news story of a revival of the Klan—still more, every authentic story of a lynching—does more harm than a month of the Voice of America can undo.

What is less commonly realized in America is the survival of what may be called the "black legend." In that legend, the great American historical events are the hanging of the Chicago anarchists; the Pinkerton massacres; the reactionary wave after the First World War; and, above all, Sacco and Vanzetti (anarchists who would in all probability have fared no better in Russia than in Massachusetts). Nor is this legend confined to still-credulous lovers of the "new civilization" of the U.S.S.R. It is to be found in all ranks of society.

That the United States has social services, that it is no longer a case of industrial Simon Legrees trampling down (white) Uncle Toms in dark Satanic mills, is pretty generally if grudgingly accepted, but it is not at all unimportant that old, in some cases legitimate, grounds of suspicion of American industrial society should still operate as residues and be a cause of superfluous friction. This suspicion is probably felt the most in Labour circles.

It is mainly but not exclusively by the Conservatives that another recent

source of anxiety has been emphasized. The row over the appointment of an American NATO naval commander was fanned partly to show up the "feckleslness" of the Labour Government. But it also represented a real anger and a real worry. That the anger was largely sentimental does not diminish its political importance. The prestige of the Royal Navy is still a sacred thing in Britain, and to find it passing (as it was thought) under a foreign if friendly command was a shock to very deep and very real passions. The average Englishman has no idea of the relative sizes of the two fleets—how overwhelmingly preponderant the U.S. Navy has become. Nor has he any real idea of the grand scale of the naval war that was fought between Pearl Harbor and V-J Day in the Pacific.

Indeed, as Foch found out, running an allied war is a very difficult job. Suppose a U.S. admiral had to choose between risking ultimate victory and withdrawing all the fleets into American waters? Suppose he had to decide whether to risk the American part of the fleet or to abandon all positions on this side of the Atlantic?

There is one American word that represents American tenacity and toughness but can be used and is used in Europe to stir up anti-American feeling. The word is "expendable." We are prone to wonder, from time to time, if we are expendable, as the French wondered in 1940. Anything that suggests that we are, beyond the dread necessities of any great war, should be avoided.

Thus, I am quite certain, it was with generous, honest intentions that a U.S. civil-defense "expert" recently told the people of London not to be too worried about the atomic bomb; they had taken other bombs and could take the atomic bomb, too. It was equally upsetting (without the consolation of obvious friendly feeling behind it) to read of Mr. Hoover's kindness in keeping Britain inside the American defense ring—no doubt with vastly improved V-2s coming over from Holland as more primitive ones did in the fall of 1944. It was startling to read Senator Taft's fatuous reassurance to Americans who worried over the fate of the industrial resources of western Europe: that the U.S. Air Force could easily destroy them.

The news of bombing and shelling from Korea has often been reported in a spirit that has shocked people. It is a political fact of great importance that the Londoner knows precisely what it is like to be bombed, and the resident of Dover what it is like to be shelled. Is it any wonder that the inhabitants of Seoul or Inchon sometimes come closer to our minds and hearts than do certain lighthearted reporters of the bombing and the shelling—particularly those who "eyewitness" the event from Tokyo?

To one like myself who writes and talks to English audiences on American affairs, and so has to endure a great deal of ignorant and some malicious comment and questioning, the human temptation is to defend all American action—to stress, for example, that it is the Americans who are enduring the strain of the sixty thousand casualties and who did endure last summer and fall some of the tension we felt in the summer and fall of 1940. But not all the differences are due to different emotional experiences or different political doctrines. We sometimes feel as if we were being tugged along in the wake of a very fast, very powerful, but not necessarily well-commanded ship. Yet to taunts we would reply as Turenne did to the officer who said, "You are afraid": "Yes, and if you were as much afraid as I am you would run away."

The American people haven't run away, and won't, but not all the noisy American spokesmen who are busy "killing Stalin with their mouths" inspire the same confidence.

—D. W. BROGAN

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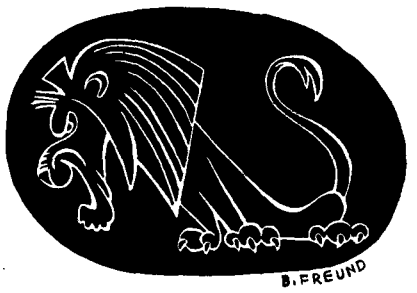
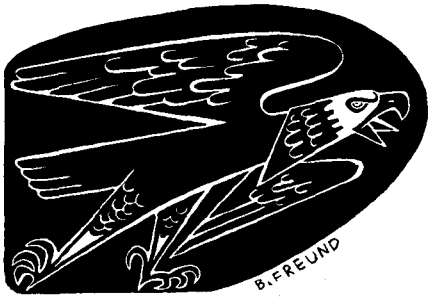
2. The Gloomy Spring Of Mr. Attlee



The increasing Americanophobia that has swept Britain—and particularly the Labour Party and its supporters—since the outbreak of the Korean War has its origin in Britain's economic dependence upon America. Most Americans believe that "economic dependence" means that Britain depends on American aid. The real but hidden and most vexatious British dependence on America arises by way of world trade, world prices, inflation, and deflation. These in turn have depended, since 1945, on the level of domestic American business.

Thus, in the six years of Labour rule, the British economy and balance of payments have improved when American business has boomed, and deteriorated when American business has slumped—as it did in 1948. Either way, British Socialists blame America—for higher import prices when business booms and Britain *can* balance its foreign trade; and for lack of dollars and unbalanced accounts when dollar and world prices fall, so that Britain can't pay its bills. The American angle on all this, as propounded by certain lawmakers, is equally senseless: Don't send Britain any Marshall aid during slumps and don't take its cheap goods during booms.

This nonsensical picture is the backdrop to the sad morality play of the Labour Party since Korea. War broke out there just a little over nine months after the devaluation of the pound.



Britain's exports were picking up; even more encouragingly, exports of raw materials from the overseas sterling area were expanding. In the middle of this slow rectification process came the Korean War, rearmament, stockpiling, and the NATO defense plans. Just when the sterling area was earning a dollar surplus for the first time, the old, old British economic dilemma raised its head.

That dilemma, inescapable for a country depending on world trade for twenty-three per cent of its national income, can be explained simply enough. The interests of manufacturing Britain and the raw-material-exporting Commonwealth are opposed. When world trade booms, raw-material prices rise, and the sterling area does well, but the United Kingdom itself is faced with unfavorable terms of trade, since it cannot export one manufactured article without first having to pay the higher bill for imported food and raw materials. On the other hand, when raw-material prices fall, foreign buyers are less prosperous, trade declines, and the U.K. cannot sell so many of its manufactures; its terms of trade improve but its exports drop.

In the past ten months, the world situation has boosted the prices of Britain's vital imports enormously. It has made the sterling area, for which London is the central bank, so fluid in funds that it can proudly do without Marshall aid. Yet it has simultaneously put the worst squeeze on the British people since the shipping shortage before D-Day seven years ago. When American politicians bellow about being gouged by Britain for tin or rubber or wool, they of course are unaware that British manufacturers have to pay the same prices as American ones for raw materials. They cannot be expected to realize that for every $2.80 earned by the sale of Malayan rubber or Australian wool to the United States, Malaya and Australia acquire one pound sterling in London—a debit that the British managers and workers must work off in British exports before any goods can go into the stores to be bought with British wages.

Moreover, there is a disastrous lag: It takes six months or more for the upward-spiraling world prices of raw materials to pass into the quoted selling prices of Britain's manufactures. Add six months to the Korean outbreak and you get to last Christmas. That was when the squeeze on the cost of living in Britain began. That was when the tired leaders of the Labour Cabinet threw in the towel and gave up "planning." That was when, watching an obvious runaway world inflation, the bulk-buying British Ministry of Food coolly decided to play poker with Perón over the British workman's tenpence worth of fresh meat per week—since reduced to eightpence worth. That was when the "limited-liability" rearmament program of last August had to be jettisoned, and a forty per cent larger one substituted in a Britain where the national budget and local taxes already took forty per cent of the entire national income. That was when Ernest Bevin's recurrent illness became a threat to the conduct of British foreign policy as a whole; when Mr. Attlee began to be overburdened with everyone else's Cabinet chores; when the decision was taken to shunt left-wing Aneurin Bevan from the costly and contentious Health Ministry, and when the dams that had "contained" wages and dividends for three years collapsed.

The year 1951 opened with a headlong rise in the cost of living, the first round of trade-union wage raises completed, and the threat of far greater price rises ahead. Meat rations have been reduced to a record low, and it is

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certain that fewer manufactured goods will be available in the stores this year as rearmament pre-empts scarcer and dearer raw materials. Most ominous of all for inflation, there is fuller employment than ever, and record high earnings.

The threat to the Government is obvious. If it tells its own supporters that their increased earnings are going to buy less and less this year, that income and sales taxes are going up, and that widespread rationing may come back, it is highly probable that Labour will lose every seat it won by a narrow margin last year. The "floating vote" may go solidly Tory. And since Labour is absolutely sure only of its seats in the manufacturing area north of a line drawn northeastward from Bristol to Norwich and in the trade-union suburbs of London itself, defeat at the next election would become practically inevitable.

The Labour Party's only hope, therefore, is to hang on like grim death: fight every debate; whip up every Labour laggard in the lobby, steal weeks and months and thus rely on the fickleness of the weary, meatless, escape-minded British public, so that a general election will not be called until the sun comes out, after the drabbest winter in living memory; when, perhaps, Perón (at a higher price than the Labour Government was willing to pay three months ago) might help provide tenpence worth of meat per adult per week; when tactless announcements about a U.S. admiral's heading NATO's fleet are forgotten; and when (again, perhaps) Stalin has decided not to turn the heat higher on Europe or Asia. It is not a bold, constructive, or inspiring policy; but it is the best that can be followed if Labour's remaining in power is to be the first consideration. Meanwhile, the Tory Opposition is doing its best to get the power for itself, by sniping, calling snap votes at awkward hours, and generally behaving in a manner—or lack of manner—calculated to demoralize the Government benches.

This accounts for the procession of the maimed, the halt, and the blind through the voting lobbies of Parliament; Attlee's grudging, inch-by-inch retreat in his fight against sacrificing Bevin; the consequent reshuffle of aging and tired top-rank Ministers, with Herbert Morrison—"Lord Festival of 1951"—trying to run both Foreign Office and party machine at a time when an election may erupt at any moment; and the rancor and irritation of backbench M.P.'s toward both their opponents and their own slave-driving leaders.

It also accounts for the Labour movement's desperate search for scapegoats to expiate the rising cost of living, the new scarcities, rearmament, and fresh taxation. The domestic Tories—out of power for all the postwar years—can't serve as goats, but the Russians and Americans can. None of all this, say the apologists, has anything to do with Britain, or Socialism. The resulting Russophobia and Americanophobia, particularly among left-wing editors, the intelligentsia, and the entire trade-union movement, naturally revives nostalgic hopes of neutrality and of a "Third Force," with the Commonwealth as middleman — which idea, almost everyone realizes, is hopeless as the basis for anything resembling a sane British foreign policy. But the nostalgia is there, and it explains, among other things, the public explosion over the U.S. admiral.

Normally, in such a period of indecision and wrong decision, talk of coalition would have been crescendo. But the Tories now smell the fruits of office. They are in the mood to settle for nothing less than total surrender or total annihilation. The Labour top command is still haunted by the specter of Ramsay MacDonald—who coalesced with the hated Tories in 1931—and fearful of losing sectors of the trade-union movement to the Communists. So doubt and drift are the order of the day, with the public increasingly skeptical of Socialism, Conservatism, and even Parliament.

It is a depressing setting for an all-out national effort. And the grievousness of the economic problem this year makes it well-nigh impossible to offer Britishers any incentives to higher output, productivity, or efficiency. Not that it is all the Labour Party's fault. And the Tories have yet to convince the ordinary Britisher that they can do better by him.

This year Britain will have to give up its hard-earned foreign-trade surplus in order to increase exports enough to pay for *the same* quantity of imports as before. It will have to pay more loans and sterling balances with British manufactures. It will have to rearm full blast—per capita almost as much as the United States. And if the U.K. is to maintain its productive capital and machinery both to withstand the shock of war if it comes and to supply its expanding defenses, it will also have to set aside materials, men, and money for this purpose. All of which means only one thing: However high money wages go and however fast the 1951 inflation goes, there will be more austerity.

In such a situation there is much raw material for Americanophobia lying around. American politicians and publicists might serve Britain's interests, and their own, by going easier with criticisms and deeper with analyses.

—GRAHAM HUTTON

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3. Lord Festival And the Unicorn

Before the war, the British were the great foreign travelers, and the prosperity of the continental tourist trade rested upon the pound sterling. Today British austerity and currency restrictions have changed all that. Whereas in the past the hardy visitor to Britain took potluck with British weather, scenery, and hotels, now Britain is adapting itself to a world in which it must compete with the Swiss, the French, and the Italians for the tourist dollar. This summer, in the most heroic effort of this sort of date—the Festival of Britain—the foreign visitor will be given the chance to see the British not only in their Sunday best but also at their Saturday most eccentric.

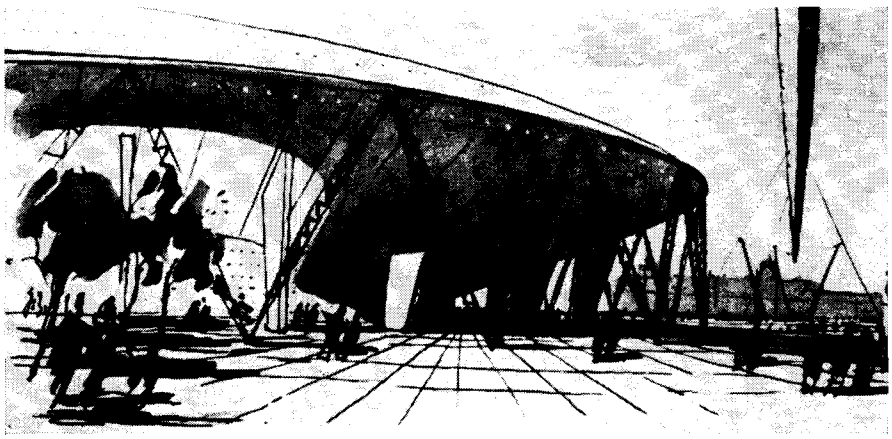
The Festival was conceived as something more than a tourist attraction back in 1945, when Gerald Barry, then editor of the London *News Chronicle,* suggested to Sir Stafford Cripps, at that time President of the Board of Trade, that Britain should commemorate the great exhibition of 1851. A century ago, Britain had emerged from the Hungry Forties as the workshop of the world. The marvels at which our great-grandparents gazed in Hyde Park—among them the vast Crystal Palace—were symbols of the Golden Age of British industrialism. Why not, asked Barry, mark Britain's recovery from the Dark Forties of this century with a similar display? The suggestion caught on, distinguished names were arrayed in the necessary committees, Parliament granted eleven million pounds, and in 1948 the formal preparations began.

It soon became clear that the ideas of Barry, who had been appointed director-general of the project, were not of the Crystal Palace variety. The 1851 exhibition had been the prototype of the *Grand Exposition International,* but Mr. Barry did not propose to make the 1951 Festival just another World's Fair. His purpose, warmly approved by Herbert Morrison—whose avid enthusiasm for the project has earned him the nickname of Lord Festival—was "to put the whole nation on show," limiting his principal set piece to the comparatively small exhibition grounds on the South Bank of the Thames. Here, on a blitzed site near the London County Hall in which Herbert Morrison rose to eminence, are the familiar pavilions, domes, and pylons—elegant but temporary structures cluttered round the huge and permanent concert hall for which London has long waited. Here, too, are the customary displays on the land and its resources, on industry, transport, sports, health, homes, and schools. Britain's achievements in physical and intellectual discovery are featured under the largest dome that man has ever built.

Tradition has it that the British Lion roars only in defiance of his enemies, and that he is a modest animal in times of peace. But on occasion he proves as susceptible to brash immodesty as the Russian Bear or the American Eagle. This Festival is his work.

There are some, however, who recall that the royal coat of arms is "supported," in heraldic terms, by the Unicorn as well as the Lion. The King of Beasts may represent one side of the British character as the British conceive it—Nelson and the Navy, the Light Brigade at Balaklava, the Empire, and the Battle of Britain. But the fabulous Unicorn, in which nobody quite believes, is also there, to serve as a symbol of the freakish manners and morals of the British—of afternoon tea, cricket, *Punch,* and football pools. Remembering this, critics of the Festival would argue that it is the work of the Unicorn run riot. Britain's countryside to this day sports many a "Folly"—the sham castle, the flight of the amateur architect's fancy—built by wealthy eccentrics in the nineteenth century. For some, the Festival is Morrison's Folly. Lord Beaverbrook has consistently taken this line: The other day his *Evening Standard* declared, "The scheme . . . was unjustifiable from the start . . . the full extent of its folly becomes more apparent with each moment that brings nearer the opening day." What waste, some say, to spend millions and squander manpower and materials when so many are ill housed! Why celebrate economic recovery, others ask, when the meat ration is down to eightpence? When the shadow of war seems so dark, and arms production requires a national effort, why turn the nation into a vast tourist camp? Though the Festival officially enjoys bipartisan blessing, that blessing is certainly not unmixed.

But the basic issues seem to be less between politicians than between the professional pessimists and the unprofessional hedonists. Perhaps the advocacy of the latter group explains the inclusion of a section devoted to British eccentricity, and in that section, of a device known as the Morale Raiser,



The Festival's Dome of Discovery

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a gadget that, worn under the coat, continually emits cries of "Bravo!" and "Well Done!" The section is properly under the patronage of a life-sized model of that aristocrat of British eccentrics, the White Knight. Around him are displayed other devices just as ingenious and useless as the Morale Raiser. Which of us is educated, for instance, to appreciate floral pictures on the outer skins of onions? How can we estimate the worth of a staircase so weighted that, as one ascends, it gives the impression that one is walking downstairs? The gun specially equipped to shoot lions at night appeals even more to the Unicorn in all of us Britishers, since after all in the fable the Lion fought the Unicorn all over town, depriving him of his proper share of plum cake, and the Unicorn is entitled to his revenge. After this, one turns for restful relief to the archives of the Snail-Watching Society, which has its headquarters in Ladbroke Road, London.

In case the uninstructed visitor should miss the point, the allegory is enshrined in the title—"Lion and Unicorn"—of the pavilion that houses these exhibits. In the entrance, the visitor will meet the symbolic beasts in the act of releasing scores of doves from a large wicker basket. These doves, it should be said, have nothing to do with Picasso; they are the Spirit of Britain. The symbolism gets even more muddled when the Britisher, after first being informed that he is "half-Lion, half-Unicorn," is described further along as "half-rose, half-cabbage."

What, given the chance, do the British select as typical of themselves from their wealth of symbolism and idiosyncrasy? The answer should surely provide some clue to a scale of values that often seems as baffling to the native as to the outsider. The language? That is here. Shakespeare, Tyndall's Bible, Johnson's *Dictionary*, of course, rubbing bindings with the contemporary clichés, "Oh, *ever* so nice" and "I don't mind if I do." The law? Naturally: scales of Justice, Magna Carta, Judge's Ermine. Freedom? Saxon Parliament, Habeas Corpus, Milton's *Areopagitica*, Religious Toleration. As Sam Weller might have said: "Hit's all there, sir, in wery Capital Letters."

Certainly the idea is ingenious, and a day spent on the South Bank offers a crammer's course in what the British think of themselves, or what, at least, the Lesser Breeds Without the Law should think about them. It rather reminds one of wartime British Army orientation lectures entitled "The British Way and Purpose."

The South Bank, then, is the shop-window, carefully dressed by designers and experts. Somewhat self-consciously, and after a little prodding by officialdom, most of Britain's towns and villages have responded to the appeal for national exhibitionism. Clearly, local activities will vary greatly in scale, from those of London, with eight million people, to those of the village of Quarter Bach, with less than eight hundred. They also vary to the degree that Festival fever has seized the burgesses. The case of one small village, whose inhabitants are to take turns sitting in the stocks for the benefit of American tourists, is exceptionally imaginative.

But there is ample provision for those with a taste to see the British, abandoning their normal aversion to unconventional behavior, in a slightly embarrassed mood of celebration. One can visit, for example, the medieval beer garden, complete with orchestra (lyres, lutes, harps?) set out in the ancient city of Canterbury, or witness the first performance since 1580 of the York Cycle of Miracle Plays. The visitor may go to Battle, where William the Conqueror fought the Battle of Hastings, and see the entire population attired not, as one might expect, as Saxon carls and Norman bowmen, but, inexplicably, in fourteenth-century costume. At Galashiels, if fancy takes you there, join in the jollity of the "Braw Lads Gathering," or frolic in what Ilford cryptically announces as its "Revels." The modern Peeping Tom may stand unmolested, even welcomed, in the streets of Coventry and watch a more modest Lady Godiva ride sedately by. The Blessing of the Mead in Cornwall must surely attract those who run to a liking of the archaic and bucolic. Reading through the list, one is surprised that no bright fellow has thought to revive the druidical sacrifices at Stonehenge on Midsummer Day.

Yet there are more conventional attractions. One might after all have expected the village of Groton to jump at the chance to produce a play on the life of John Winthrop, or the island of Jersey to offer hospitality to the mayors of Trenton, Newark, and Jersey City. Such things are the routine of Festival enthusiasm, though this year the concerts, plays, and industrial, agricultural, and art exhibitions crowd upon us in hundreds, together with the sports meetings—"Cricket in Original Costume" the village of Marston advertises—the carnival processions, and even (an odd glut of these in a "British" Festival) the Venetian Fêtes.

So the cabbage and the Unicorn are to have their day. Perhaps it is the cabbage in the city fathers of Heston which makes them keep stiff upper lips at a time when their neighbors are planning to turn out dressed as Romans or Restoration rakes; Heston's festive spirit is content with the word "Welcome" inscribed on the lamp standards. The plans of some places bring to mind the Utilitarians rather than Merrie England. There is the village that is cleaning its pond for the first time in recorded history. There is Tenterden, commemorating our entry into the Atomic Age by installing a sewage system. And there are the still semi-feudal hamlets where the Parish Council will celebrate by asserting the fiefs' rights of way across the squire's domain. While Chard, an aloof market town in the West Country, translates the Latin inscriptions on its public buildings, the freemen of another borough will erect more lampposts and a shelter for bus passengers.

This is the Festival Spirit, and no one shall say that Britons have not worked hard to capture it. Hard, perhaps, for them to explain the ways in which they have succumbed—why, for instance, the staid B.B.C. should plan to devote its Third Programme for a whole week to broadcasts that might have been delivered in 1851 had that year been blessed with the radio.

But Lord Festival has spoken. I live near a small country town that is presenting a pageant of its history and has had to draft the manpower of several nearby villages to provide a cast of over a thousand. Why are we doing it? You hear the question at each rehearsal. I doubt if I shall know the answer even after I have doubled in the parts of a Burning Martyr and a Revolting Peasant. —Norman MacKenzie

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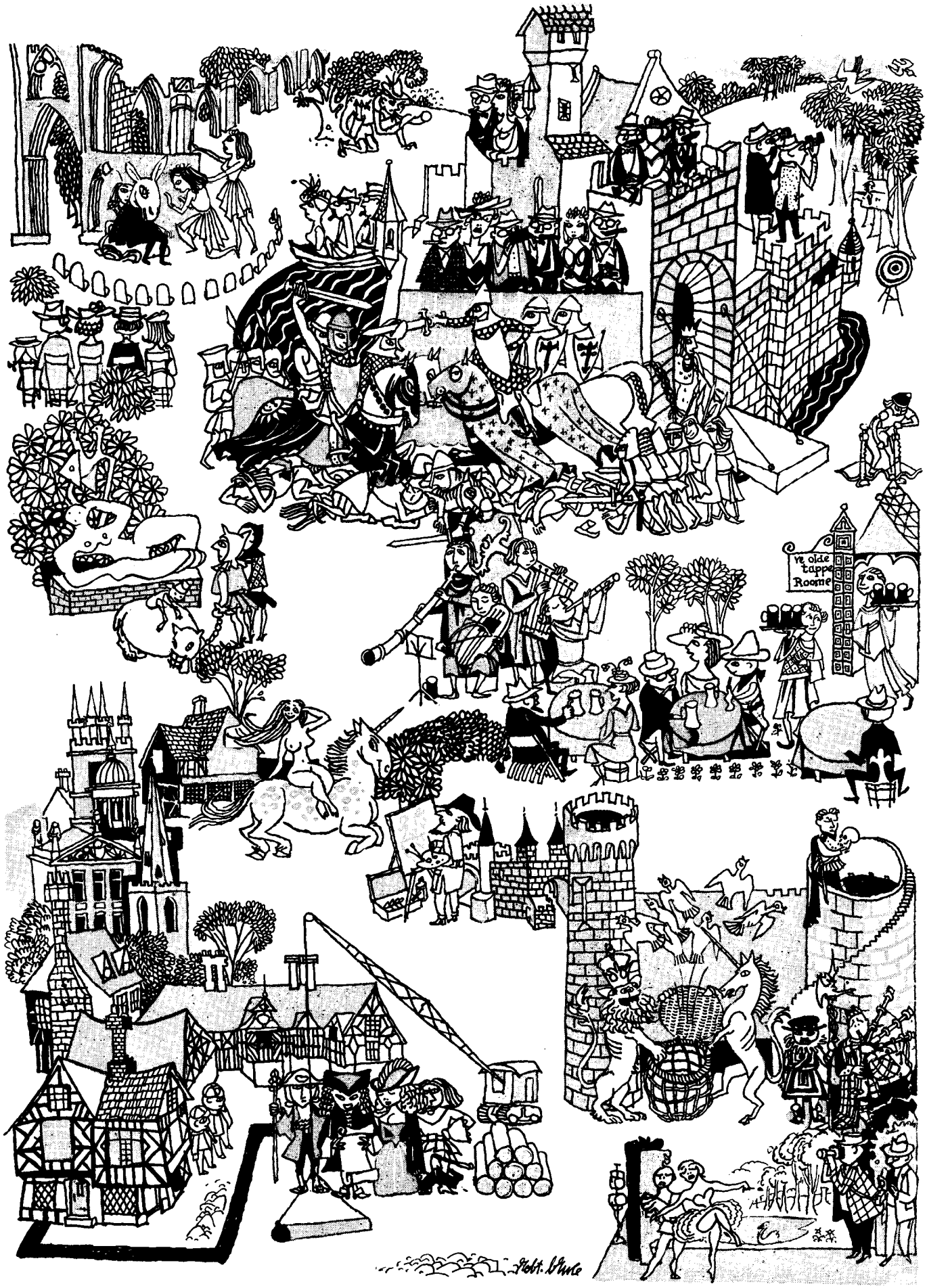

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Switzerland, Neutral but Nervous

During 1951, the republic of Switzerland will observe its 660th year of confederation and its 435th year of neutrality by spending just over a million dollars on tanks—weapons which to most people represent military offense rather than the Swiss tradition of turtlelike defense.

The tanks will be either British or American. However this decision goes, the significant thing is that they will certainly not be Russian—a circumstance that has recently been reflected in Soviet propaganda broadcasts. Radio Moscow has described the "neutral" Swiss as "internationally immoral," "vassals," "secretaries," and "utensils" of the western democracies, who put profits above honor and cower in their mountain homes while Acheson and his choir of American big businessmen with dollar signs on their vests call the turn. This characterization pleases the Swiss not at all.

Recently the film *The Third Man* opened in Switzerland. In the course of it Orson Welles makes the following remark: "In Italy for thirty years under the Borgias there was warfare, terror, murder, and bloodshed, but they produced Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, and the Renaissance. In Switzerland they had brotherly love and they had six hundred years of democracy. What did the Swiss produce? The cuckoo clock."

The speech did not amuse today's Swiss, who has grown weary of the interminable and antique jokes about clocks, yodeling, and the holes in Swiss cheese. Whereas only a few years ago the cuckoo-clock wheeze might have entertained him (he would have felt above it, since all good Swiss know that cuckoo clocks are a Bavarian invention), he is now beginning to feel a little insecure in the knowledge that the rest of the world does not really understand the peculiar position Switzerland occupies today. In the past he would have smiled tolerantly, even condescendingly, if a foreigner described the Swiss as mechanistic, plodding, or money-mad, or Switzerland as "a snug little island in a sea of European anxiety and unrest." Between the world wars, he could point to the International Red Cross or the site of the League of Nations in Geneva. He could also point to the pastoral, almost slumberous life of most of Switzerland, with its quiet but by no means slumberous democracy, which through the years had become almost automatic, and to which strikes, lockouts, grand-jury indictments, and bread lines were unknown. The pastoral mountains remain, as does the vigilant democracy of the cantonal governments. Similarly, the Red Cross still exists, but nothing remains in Geneva of the League of Nations except some large buildings, now emptied of their large hopes.

Yet Switzerland seems to remain such a snug little island in an anxious sea as to make many visitors feel that the country is not only snug but smug as well. Today many Swiss are ready to admit this, but they are even more ready to point out that every Swiss in good health is a member of the Swiss armed forces from the time he is twenty until he is sixty. He is not always on active duty; but he is never retired during those forty years, because the Swiss Army is a vast army of Minutemen. Unlike the Minutemen of American history, the Swiss are completely equipped with modern arms.

Thus Switzerland, which claims to desire peace more than any other country in western Europe, is at the same time its most army-minded country. The Swiss citizen, whose traditional policy is strongly against military aggression, is Europe's best-trained soldier. These apparent contradictions have had their effect on Swiss thought.

The peculiar and baffling situation in which the average Swiss finds himself today has deep historical roots. The Swiss weren't always neutral; the year they started being neutral was 1516, after they were badly defeated at Marignano by Francis I of France. Before that, they had descended on Italy, conquering Milan and in general behaving as most people did in those days.

For three hundred years after Marignano, Switzerland was torn inter-

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nally, and the Swiss were united only in their determination to remain free. Switzerland kept itself armed to the teeth, thus bearing out Machiavelli's estimate: "Of all the States of Europe, Switzerland will be the most free, and the most armed." In 1815, the Congress of Vienna formally recognized Swiss neutrality, although only a few years before this, Napoleon, when asked to respect it, had snarled, "When you use the word 'neutrality' to me, I don't know what you mean."

Meanwhile, the Swiss had begun to develop their tiny, barren country economically. Almost one-fourth of its sixteen thousand square miles (Switzerland is half the size of Maine) is utterly useless except as a tourist attraction. "Switzerland," says the Swiss, "has three resources—forests, water power, and the Swiss."

About 250 years ago, Switzerland's people discovered two things in which it was profitable to engage without much good land. One was banking and the other was highly skilled, perfectionist work with metals—precision tools, for instance, and of course the famous watches. One requires no raw materials at all, and the other very few. While the other nations of Europe were engaged in filling books with writing and sheets with music, the Swiss were busy over their ledgers and bankbooks.

As a result of this specialization the per capita wealth of Switzerland is among the highest of all the countries in the world, and its five-hundredth part of the world's population accounts for about a seventieth of the world's commerce. The 4,700,000 present-day Swiss have a higher standard of living than that of any country in the world except the United States. It is true that Switzerland has produced no substantial work of art in its entire history, save one. But that achievement the Swiss, at least, regard as tremendous: their system of government.

There exists in Switzerland a unified democracy which is possibly unparalleled. It may be that such a democracy is workable only in a small country, but the traditional ingredients of unity are lacking in Switzerland. There is no such thing as a Swiss language, since Swiss citizens speak German (seventy-three per cent), French (twenty-one per cent), and Italian (five per cent). There is no national religion; fifty-eight per cent of Switzerland is Protestant and forty-one per cent is Catholic. There is patriotism in Switzerland, but none of the aggressive nationalism that impels a Frenchman to cry *"Vive la France!"* when he means "Down with Germany!" The Swiss is proud of his country but he has no idea of exporting his form of government to anyone. He has learned that though wars may make money for traders they also bring on depressions. The average Swiss believes that in the long run peace makes money.

The Swiss distrusts leaders so much that last summer when a photographer from an American picture magazine came to the country to pick out the five leading young men of Switzerland for an article, he couldn't find even one. There are no leading young men in Switzerland. A Swiss won't even listen to a man until he has either gray hair or none, and American businessmen in Switzerland are always bewildered by the fact that a commercial letter of any importance always bears the signatures of two members of the firm, not one. A letter carrying only one signature is regarded as a memorandum—as if it had no legal validity whatsoever.

In recent years, the Swiss, who have no ports and are surrounded by powers that might move at any time against Switzerland no matter how delicately it maintains its neutrality, have attempted to answer the old wheeze about the Swiss Navy. They have begun building a navy. It is not a navy of the sea but of the air. Its name—chosen because it doesn't need translation into English—is Swissair, and this August it will put into operation on its New York-Geneva run the first DC-6Bs to enter transatlantic commercial service. Swissair is not a big airline, as American lines go, and it cannot compete with the big lines in the number of its scheduled flights, but its president—a former Zürich newspaperman—will sell what the Swiss have always sold, and that is precision. He is determined that Swiss planes will take off and arrive when the Swiss say they will.

After the German occupation of the West in 1940, Switzerland had no access to the outside world. Ships loaded with food for Swiss mouths and raw material for Swiss factories docked at Bordeaux or Genoa, but in order to get these shipments into Switzerland, the Swiss had to get permission from the Germans. And the Nazis, who knew they had the Swiss backed into a corner, always drove a hard bargain: In exchange for a trainload of, say, coal, they would demand twelve Oerlikon dynamos or a million ball bearings. The Swiss had to accept, with great reluctance.

In the First World War, Switzerland was, as usual, glacially neutral, but many Swiss citizens were emotionally on the side of the Germans. In the Second World War it was quite different. In a huge majority the Swiss, German-speaking, Italian-speaking, or French-speaking, were opposed to the totalitarians. As an example of their attitude, the Swiss recall the Ticino River project in southern Switzerland. As early as 1935, plans were being prepared to link Lugano, a Swiss resort town, with the River Po in Italy; when war broke out, the Swiss deliberately stalled the project. It would have given them a waterway to Italy and its food-

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stuffs, but it would have given industrial northern Italy a huge extra source of water power.

The Swiss today feel that their country has a desperate need of some kind of air-transport service. I asked one Swiss how he expected a small air service such as Swissair, which might comprise only thirty-odd planes, to be of any use in case Switzerland were again surrounded.

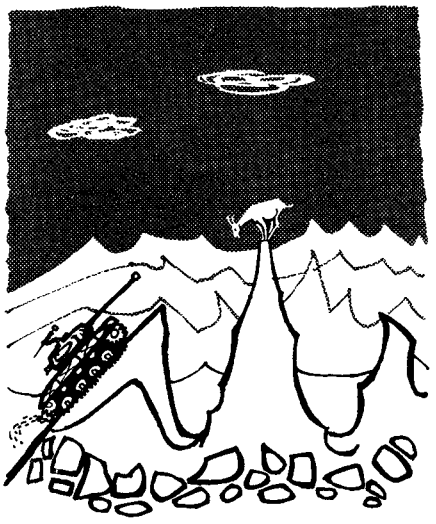
"Well," he said, "ask the farmer whose land is so hilly that he has to plow it with the help of a block and tackle. Ask the shepherd who never sees his home in the summer because he lives with his cattle, driving them into the mountains for pasture, driving them down again in the autumn. Ask the watchmaker who puts together a watch with three hundred parts in it, some of them four one-thousandths of an inch in diameter.

"If we had possessed six cargo planes in 1940, we would known how to use them as if they were twelve."

Swiss authorities today claim with a somewhat conspiratorial now-it-can-be-told air that Hitler actually wanted to invade Switzerland in 1941, but that the Nazi General Staff estimated the cost at five divisions. Today the Swiss say that on learning Hitler's tentative plans, they told him that even if he did succeed in occupying Switzerland —"which they doubted"—they would simply blow up the three great Alpine passes, the only things of military value Hitler would want in Switzerland. The Swiss also told him that built into every large Swiss machine—every dynamo, large machine tool, and loom—was a charge of explosive sufficient to destroy the machine. I asked one of the men who told me this if it was really so.

"Yes," he said, smilingly. "Or no, if you wish."

Switzerland did suffer greatly from the war. Everything was rationed far more severely than in most other countries. But this was to be expected. The Swiss lost one other thing, and its loss was serious: They lost the secrecy of their banking system. The Swiss have always been important international bankers, and prior to the end of the Second World War they stubbornly refused to reveal the identities of the individuals or business houses having deposits in Swiss banks. This was traditional Swiss practice and was



in line with the accepted belief that a bank is a bank, and not a court. If right-wing—or worse—depositors put their funds in Swiss banks, so undoubtedly did left-wingers—or worse. But after the war, Britain and the United States (who as belligerents had naturally frozen suspicious accounts) put great pressure on the Swiss to make known the names of their foreign depositors. Switzerland was forced to do so, and fortunes put away in sound Swiss francs in sound Swiss banks were removed by foreign investors who transferred their funds elsewhere, notably to Tangier, whose banks operate on the old no-questions-asked-or-answered basis.

The Swiss today are violently anti-Communist, but they are not particularly anti-Russian, except when the Russians seek to export their kind of government to Switzerland. Switzerland is today the only country in Europe that has no Communist problem. There are a few Communists in Switzerland, largely in the French-speaking area in the west, but they are merely flies buzzing around the rather stubborn, rather imperturbable, honest Swiss democrat.

The Swiss farmer who trudges down out of the mountains every Sunday in his high black shoes, his shiny black suit, his black tie, and his black hat, isn't worried about Communism from within. He and the industrial workers who join him at church are definitely worried about Communism from without.

"Suppose Mr. Stalin takes western Europe," one Swiss told me. "He surrounds us. We try to get him to allow us to bring in food and raw materials. We even bargain with him: machine tools for wheat. It was one thing with the Germans; it will be another with the Russians. I think Mr. Stalin will not be in when we call. Why should he be? Cut off from exports, Switzerland will begin to die. Unemployment, which is unknown in this country, will spread almost overnight. There will be hunger and poverty. And what accompanies hunger and poverty is Communism. Mr. Stalin can take the Simplon Tunnel simply by not taking it."

The average Swiss these days knows that though his country is the only one in Europe that gave the Marshall Plan substantially more than it took, Switzerland is still not one of the United Nations, because the Swiss felt that their neutrality would have been compromised if Switzerland had joined. However, to a Swiss, neutrality is not indifference. His ties, both economic and emotional, are with the West. (An American visitor to Switzerland is constantly told by the Swiss how like the Americans the Swiss are. They aren't, but they think so.)

The average citizen probably thinks of the well-known tale about the Swiss who kept an inn in the mountains. He was asked what he thought about mountain climbing. "Doesn't make sense," he replied, "but it makes money." The Swiss like very much to make both sense and money. But many of them think that neither sense nor money can be made with the Russians. They won't admit it officially; in fact, they turn philosophic somersaults to explain why Switzerland must remain neutral.

But many a Swiss knows that remaining neutral in a war between armies is one thing and that remaining neutral in a war between ideologies is quite another. It may be that the time for neutrality is past, that the issues are too clear for honorable men to remain aloof on the sidelines.

It is certainly not without significance that on the jacket of a study of the Swiss nation that has just appeared in Zürich and Geneva bookshops there appears a quotation from La Rochefoucauld, a writer much respected by the Swiss: "It is a great folly to want to be wise all alone." —Sam Boal

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Jean Monnet: His Balance Sheets May Reshape a Continent

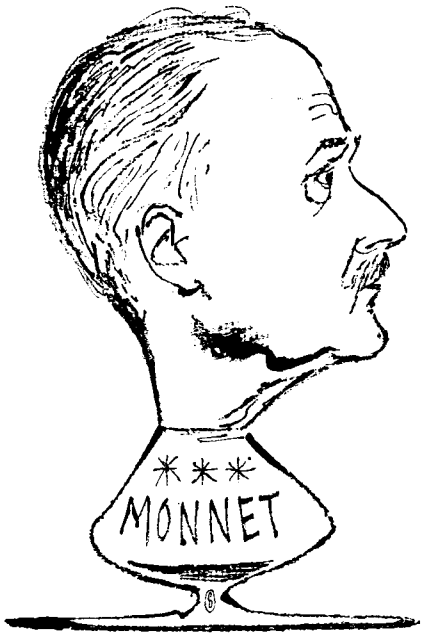
Jean Monnet is a quiet Frenchman who has, over a period of years, succeeded in influencing his country's role in matters of grave national and international importance without ever joining a political party, running for public office, or making public speeches.

Monnet's particular specialty is the conversion of large economic and political ideas into functioning institutions. Because this kind of work does not make for dramatics or popularity, until recently only experts in international affairs knew much about the man and his accomplishments. Not until a year ago, when France proposed the Schuman Plan for the Ruhr coal and steel industry, did a wider public discover Monnet, who was credited with being the plan's chief architect. In the long, arduous negotiations for a treaty to implement the plan, he has been the dominant figure.

Monnet was born in 1888 in the little town of Cognac in the Department of Charente in southwestern France. The name "Cognac" has come to mean brandy the world over, and the cognac produced by the Monnet family was among those responsible for the town's fame. The predilection of upper-class Englishmen for brandy and soda was an early influence on Jean Monnet's career. His formal schooling ended at sixteen; thereafter, until the First World War, he traveled to Britain, Canada, and the United States as a brandy salesman.

Family financial problems brought Monnet back to Cognac in 1923, by which time his family had become convinced that the brandy business could not provide an adequate lifework for a man of his energy and temperament. By 1925, Monnet was in charge of the Paris office of the investment banking firm of Blair & Company and had begun a career in international finance. After the New York stock market collapsed in 1929 there were still jobs for Monnet—in Sweden, as liquidator of the fabulous Krueger & Toll; in Shanghai, as adviser to a League of Nations mission reorganizing Chinese funds; again in Wall Street, as head of a firm specializing in corporate reorganizations.

In 1938, at Premier Edouard Daladier's request, Monnet came to the United States to buy airplanes for the French government. In 1940 he became chairman of the Anglo-French Coordinating Committee in London.



With the fall of France, he volunteered his services to the British. It was Monnet, after the French collapse, who persuaded Churchill to make one of the most dramatic gestures of modern history: the proposal of joint Franco-British citizenship. He then became deputy to Arthur Purvis, chairman of the British Supply Council in Washington. Monnet coined the phrase "arsenal of democracy," later popularized by Roosevelt in a Fireside Chat. Following the North African invasion, he acted as adviser to General Giraud, strenuously attempting to bring about a rapprochement with de Gaulle, and was a member of the French Committee of National Liberation. At the end of the war, he returned to Washington as a Commissioner of the French Provisional Government, then served in 1945 and 1946 as president of the French Supply Council in Washington, arranging for the procurement of supplies for rehabilitation. In the latter part of 1946 Monnet was back in Paris as president of the French Planning Commission, the official position he still holds.

In May, 1950, the proposals which became known as the Schuman Plan were announced. Foreign Minister Robert Schuman, who had seen the clear necessity for a *modus vivendi* between France and Germany, had just returned discouraged from a meeting with Chancellor Adenauer in Bonn. It was then that Monnet proposed the outline of the plan that Schuman announced three days later to a startled press conference. This was the only project of significance to come out of the Foreign Ministers' conference then meeting in London, and it was not on the agenda.

Monnet does not look like an epic figure. A short man with a neatly trimmed mustache, he appears a successful French businessman, and his penetrating but not unkindly eyes are his most striking feature. His manner is informal and lacks the stiff dignity of the old-time French *fonctionnaire*. His tones are quiet; he uses few ges-

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tures, and his vocabulary ranges from elegance to a mélange of Anglo-American slang. Once, in an absent-minded moment, he picked up the interministerial telephone and greeted a French Premier in English with: "Hello, friend, how are things going?" So complete is his understanding of the Anglo-Saxon mentality that he is in some ways more effective with Englishmen and Americans than with Frenchmen. Writing of Monnet in Washington during the war, Robert Sherwood, in his *Roosevelt and Hopkins,* said: "He had the kind of calm, cool, reasoning and disciplined mind which is supposed to be typically French but which is all too seldom found in Frenchmen . . ."

This does not lead him to tolerate incompetence or to have patience with the delays associated with traditional bureaucratic methods. His impatience —his desire to get on with the job—is of prime importance in explaining his unorthodox political techniques. One of his favorite observations, which harks back to his days in Cognac, is: "The great thing about making brandy is that it teaches you above everything else to wait—man proposes, but time and God and the seasons have got to be on your side." His closest friends doubt, however, that Monnet has ever really believed the universality of this aphorism. Especially during the recent years of developing tension, he has striven incessantly to circumvent time, and he has never shown a willingness to leave God's choice of sides wholly to chance. One may not be able to speed the aging of brandy, but one can certainly influence the maturing of political ideas and, within limits, control the direction of their growth.

It is possible to understand how, with this basic belief, Monnet has been able to flourish in a highly political environment and yet remain a nonpolitical figure—a rare achievement in France, or anywhere else.

His lack of political identification has been one of his great sources of strength. It has made possible in Monnet's work a continuity of effort that would otherwise have been peculiarly difficult in a country where political régimes seem stable only in their tendency to change. His aloofness from personal politics has also enabled him to retain an extraordinary freedom to maneuver behind the scenes. At times, his impatience with delay proves onerous to his assistants, yet he inspires an almost fanatical degree of loyalty and devotion among the experts and technicians with whom he invariably surrounds himself.

This staff may not be solely French at all times. Having, as a French citizen, served the British government during the war, he sees no anomaly in conscripting American technicians to advise on European problems. Whoever works with Monnet must, however, be capable not only of thinking clearly but of expressing his ideas in a form simple enough for them to be understood by the ordinary Frenchman—or the ordinary man anywhere. "You should write this," he tells a member of his staff, "for the little man in Cognac."

Monnet draws freely upon the lessons learned in business for the solution of public problems. This process is nowhere better illustrated than in the case of a device he uses on almost all of his projects: analysis in the form of a consolidated balance sheet, or *bilan,* as it is known to his French colleagues.

He learned the utility of the consolidated balance sheet as a Wall Street banker during the great merger days of the late 1920's. Participating in the operation that put together Bancamerica-Blair, he and his colleagues discovered late in the game that the tangle of intercorporate relationships concealed liabilities larger than life size and values that evaporated when exposed to view. The X-ray machine that revealed this dismaying fact was the consolidated balance sheet.

Monnet has applied the technique of the consolidated balance sheet in ways never dreamed of by a C.P.A. In his view almost any economic problem can and should be analyzed by breaking down its basic elements in parallel columns and observing how they fit together. One of his earliest and most effective uses of this device was in the field of supply. Long before the Second World War, Monnet saw clearly that the indispensable first discipline in the working of any international supply system was to relate over-all need to total production, over-all potential requirements to total potential capacity. The deficit defined the production target. If the target was too high, then requirement figures had to be reexamined and pared down. More often than not, the discipline resulted not in a paring down of requirements but in greatly increasing production targets by forcing upon responsible officials a

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realistic understanding of the price of victory.

Employed in the area of international co-operation, this simple device has frequently proved startlingly effective. One of the most difficult aspects of any alliance is to find out what each ally will contribute and what each ally requires to maintain its part of the effort. For a supply effort to be effective there must be a full disclosure and a full understanding of stockpiles, of actual and potential production capacity, of requirements, and of potential requirements. Unless all the relevant figures are consolidated, the picture is distorted by transactions between allies, just as the financial condition of a group of affiliated companies can be distorted by internal transactions that do not affect the total worth of the system. In the case of an alliance the problem is even more complicated. National statistical systems differ; politicians have a way of overstating the requirements of their own nation; the maximum industrial contributions of individual nations can frequently be stimulated only by shock treatment.

Following the Munich crisis, Premier Daladier sent Monnet to Washington on the first French purchasing commission to procure American planes for France. In 1938, the United States was producing less than a thousand military planes a year. Through Monnet, the first French orders were placed with American manufacturers, particularly for aircraft and aircraft engines, and these orders provided the basis for the subsequent great American military expansion.

The outbreak of war in 1939 caught Britain and France with only the most rudimentary arrangements for co-operation and without effective machinery for balancing and integrating their national armament plans. They were proceeding independently—and therefore wastefully—in mobilizing not only manpower but materials and plant capacity as well. A fortnight after the beginning of hostilities, Monnet, in a letter from Daladier to Chamberlain, was proposing a whole series of measures, including—once again—a balance sheet of requirements and resources based on exact statistical data contributed by each ally. The result, after intensive negotiations, was the formation of the Anglo-French Co-ordinating Committee, with Monnet as chairman. Although it represented far less in the way of pooled authority than Monnet had desired, through it he succeeded in setting up in three months a structure of co-ordination that had taken four years to build in the First World War.

With Monnet's predilection for the consolidated balance sheet, it is not surprising that one of the first tasks he imposed on his staff in the development of the Schuman Plan was the preparation of separate balance sheets for coal and steel, showing the relationship of production and need for each country participating, and the probable relationships of the aggregate figures if there were to be an effective pooling of resources.

Transition from the balance sheet as an analytical technique to the pooling of resources as a technique of execution is, in Monnet's mind, natural and inevitable. When the production and requirements of any group of countries are consolidated into a single balance sheet, the fact becomes evident that, because of national boundaries, available supplies are not effectively used. Because of the waste resulting from strictly national policies, the potential needs of all the people are not fully satisfied. The balance sheet, at the same time, discloses that these potential needs could be satisfied to a much greater degree if over-all production could be efficiently distributed regardless of purely national considerations. This obviously points up the necessity for an effective pooling of production in a large single market that can function without regard to national boundaries. It also indicates that the supervision of this market should be entrusted to a single high authority capable of acting without regard to the wishes of national states. This in turn involves at least a partial sacrifice of sovereignty.

Monnet's principal preoccupation during most of the last two decades has been either the saving of western Europe from threatened aggression or the creation of a new Europe in which the tensions that produce aggression can be eliminated or resolved. In his view, the ultimate objective must be the creation of some form of European federation.

In problems of unification, politicians tend to overlook the distinction between co-operation and a real fusion of interests. As a result, Europe at present abounds with international organizations for securing economic and political co-operation or for co-ordinating national efforts on an international scale. Despite the good intentions responsible for their establishment, most of these organizations have become vast procreative archives, creating as they store, and storing as they create, ever-increasing quantities of discarded reports.

The proposal for which Jean Monnet will be remembered longest differs from the proposals of his contemporaries. The Schuman Plan for the unification of steel and coal production—the main source of western Europe's development as well as a principal cause of its wars—is based on hope. Implicit in Monnet's proposal is the hope presented by the creation of a great single European market similar to that which has developed in the United States. Here is a plan which, if it should provide even a partial solution to the problems of a divided Germany and of the rivalry among continental nations, might mark the beginning of the end of western Europe's fears.

—Mary Coggeshall Kuhn

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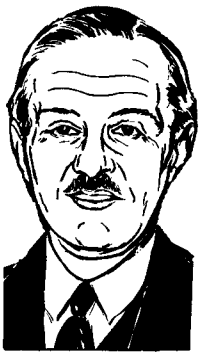
They Had To See Paris



Costa du Rels

Agreement between East and West on any subject is unusual in the U.N. these days. But on issues that involve the delegates' own comfort, compromises are still possible. Thus it was that late in March an assortment of Latin-American delegates, reinforced by Great Britain and France, formed a coalition with the Soviet bloc and voted to hold the next session of the General Assembly in Paris. The United States and sixteen other budget-conscious nations found themselves in the minority.

Apparently Paris continues to offer all things to all men. Many of the Latin-American delegates, remembering their trip to Paris for the 1948 General Assembly, are aware that Parisian cuisine can satisfy the nicest palate. They have learned to love not only its boulevards and its cafés but also, it must be admitted, the elegance of its women.

Although Slavs are not known to disdain the delights of the flesh, their votes were probably prompted by other motives in this case. Western Europe, particularly Paris, will provide a better forum for their speeches.

The British, as usual, kept their own counsel and had their own reasons. The narrowness of the Channel, it seems, is attractive to Labour M.P.'s who may be needed suddenly when the Opposition demands a vote of confidence.

Some of the delegates simply wanted to get out of New York, in the hope that negotiations might be carried on in a more reasonable tone away from the direct blast of the U.S. press and the pressure of Congress.

All these reasons for meeting in Paris persuaded the delegates to overlook one rather important fact: France had not invited the U.N. to Paris. The French government said "No" to Trygve Lie when he showed up last January looking for a suitable city in Europe for the session. Since Britain had also begged off and since Geneva appeared "too small," Mr. Lie reported that the only thing to do was to accept the inevitable and convene in New York next September. The delegates acknowledged without tears the news about London and Geneva. But the French refusal was an altogether different affair.

In the midst of the ensuing consternation and disappointment, a leader appeared—one man who would not give up the fight. He was Adolfo Costa du Rels, the delegate of Bolivia.

A few minutes before the meeting of February 13 which was to discuss Mr. Lie's discouraging report, a rumor spread through the Delegates' Lounge: Costa du Rels has something from Paris, something good. After having disposed in a routine manner of the usual Soviet accusations about aggression against China by the United States, the Assembly got down to business and took up the question of where to hold its sixth regular session.

Costa du Rels told the Assembly that he had "just received from a well-known personality in Paris . . . intelligence to the effect that a draft law has been placed before the French National Assembly . . . This proposal is that Paris should be the site of the next session of the General Assembly of the United Nations." The bill was to be discussed the very next day by the Foreign Relations Committee of the National Assembly, and the Bolivian suggested that "if this information is correct, we should suspend this discussion for the moment, out of courtesy to the French National Assembly."

It turned out that Costa du Rels, who is also the Bolivian Ambassador to France, had information that Francis Lacoste, the French delegate, was unable to confirm. "I am in a less happy position than the delegate of Bolivia," he said. "I have not been favored with any private messages from high parliamentary figures informing me about what is going on in the National Assembly of my country."

The next day, news services announced that the French Foreign Relations Committee had passed a resolution urging that necessary steps be taken so that the meeting could be held in Paris. Hopes began to rise. Unfortunately, the good news was followed by a prolonged silence from Paris. The fact that the current French Government had fallen was not taken to be a good sign.

But on March 17, Lacoste was able to inform the Secretary-General that the new Cabinet had "laid down the conditions under which the General Assembly could convene in Paris." Lacoste had couched this announcement in diplomatic and carefully chosen words. But even so he had to ask the U.N. translators to change the English translation of the French word *accueillir* from "invite" to the somewhat less specific rendering, "welcome." Lacoste himself explained the exact sense of his message at the final meeting in which this problem was taken up. He said that his government would have preferred not to "welcome" the Assembly this particular year. During the celebration of the "two-thousandth aniversary of the founding of Paris," the hotels will already be crowded. And with national elections coming up, the French are not anxious to turn their capital into a sounding board for foreign propaganda. As a compromise, the sessions will not open until November 6.

The trip to Paris will cost the U.N. two or three million dollars, and several delegations felt that this extra expense would be unwarranted. But Costa du Rels, who had just flown in from Paris, urged the Assembly, in an impassioned plea, to forget about thrift at a time when peace was hanging in the balance.

—Peter J. Allen

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The Case of the Trenton Six—I

On an icy January morning in 1948, a seventy-two-year-old junk dealer named William Horner was clubbed to death in the back room of his store on North Broad Street in Trenton, the capital of the State of New Jersey. The crime was more savage than most, but the people of Trenton had no reason to suspect that the murder of this elderly eccentric, who had been living in filth and seclusion with a common-law wife for thirty years, was to lead to the Case of the Trenton Six, which would be exploited as a symbol of American lynch justice as far away as London, Paris, Honolulu, and New Delhi.

Six months after the crime, in August, 1948, six Negroes, five of whom had signed confessions, were sentenced to death. In the tangle of political, racial, and personal ambitions and resentments that has since surrounded the case, the guilt or innocence of these men seems to have been forgotten; so have their names, and the men themselves. For the last six weeks they have been standing trial for their lives for the third time. It is no longer only the events of January 27, 1948, that are at issue in the Superior Court of Mercer County; the jury is sitting in judgment on the Trenton police, the county prosecutor, the press, the Communist and Republican Parties, the Congress of Industrial Organizations, the American Civil Liberties Union, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and the Negro as a member of American society.

When the Horner murder case became the Case of the Trenton Six—in the foreign press "another Scottsboro Case," "a travesty on American justice"—the people of Trenton were embarrassed and puzzled. Race prejudice was no more fashionable in their city than it was anywhere else in the North, and their papers had for some time assured them that the verdict was just. However cynically the Communists have since manipulated the case for their own interests, they were the first to spread the suspicion that the police might have withheld or distorted evidence to strengthen their case, and that some, if not all, of the defendants might not belong in jail.

The first events that bear on the case occurred before William Horner was murdered. For months Trenton had had an increasing volume of unsolved crimes—muggings, rapes, robberies, and homicides. Moreover, there were signs of political feuding within the police department. The new Director of Public Safety, Andrew J. Duch, who had just squeaked into office in 1947, was competing for power with the police chief, William Dooling. In the summer of 1947, the department was shifting men around inexplicably. A man with twenty-two years in the detective bureau, James A. Di Louie, was put in charge of traffic. Captain John J. Ryan, whose main experience had been in the traffic division, took over the detectives. Lieutenant Andrew F. Delate, who had been on desk duty longer than he cared to remember, became an acting captain at headquarters. He was to handle the Horner case.

D'Arcy, Trenton *Times*

Prosecutor Mario Volpe

A while before, Republican Governor Alfred E. Driscoll had appointed a new prosecutor for Mercer County, which includes Trenton. He was Mario Volpe, a former O.S.S. officer. Volpe, who was supposed to have his eye on the governor's chair himself, obviously wanted to build up a spectacular record. Before the Horner murder, his only important case had been one against Trenton's Mayor Don Connally, who was accused by the state of having accepted graft when he was secretary of the State Beauty Culture Board. Connally had been acquitted.

Volpe had been in office eleven months when Horner's body was found. Two days later, the Trenton *Times,* a liberal and occasionally crusading afternoon paper, published an editorial entitled "The Idle Death Chair." "The brutal murder of an aged man," it said, "brings to a climax a crime situation . . . which has been steadily growing more serious. . . . There are reasons for the increasing boldness of [these] criminal elements . . . one of them is inadequate punishment. . . . Although murders are fairly common . . . in the state, there has been no execution since December 11, 1945."

Within forty-eight hours, the police department announced that it had formed a "Crime Crusher" squad, which, according to the morning paper, the *Trentonian,* would be a "heavily-armed night bandit patrol," carrying machine guns and covering the city with "orders to shoot-to-kill." The squad would "sweep the streets clean of loiterers and criminal suspects," the story said. "Men abroad at night without sufficient reason will be regarded as suspects and forced to give an adequate explanation. Known criminals will be picked up on sight."

On February 11, fifteen days after Horner was killed, the police announced that five men had confessed to the crime, and had implicated a sixth. The Trenton *Times* said editorially: "A solution of this crime mystery is the result of police work of

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D'Arcy, Trenton *Times*

The Six: McKenzie, Forrest, Cooper, English, Thorpe, and Wilson

exceptional character, and the superior officers and patrolmen who worked on the case so effectively are entitled to generous commendation." The "Crime Crushers" appeared to have succeeded.

Several weeks later, before the case had gone to trial, two cryptic items turned up in the Trenton papers. Early in April, the *Times* reported a "wholesale shakeup of the police," with Di Louie switching back to the detective bureau, Ryan back to traffic, and Delate back to desk duty. On May 7, Duch announced that in the future all investigations of major crimes would be handled exclusively by the detective bureau. "There has been some bungling in the Horner case," he reported. "The detective bureau was not called in on that, and [this] directive is the result." He did not go into the nature of the bungling.

The six men accused of the murder were: Collis English, twenty-three, an unemployed Navy veteran; his brother-in-law, McKinley Forrest, thirty-five, who had regular work in a wire factory; Forrest's nephew, John McKenzie, twenty-four, who worked in a poultry store; Ralph Cooper, twenty-three, an unemployed farm laborer; Horace Wilson, thirty-seven, an employed migratory worker; and James Thorpe, twenty-four, whose right arm had been amputated after an auto accident shortly before the murder and who was out of work. Only one had gotten past the eighth grade, and three had lived most of their lives in the South. The only man with a police record was Collis English, who had been picked up for allegedly stealing chickens in 1942.

The case went to trial in June. County Prosecutor Volpe represented the state. The defendants could not afford to hire counsel and the court assigned them four lawyers, including a Negro named Robert Queen, who at that time headed the State Legal Redress Committee of the N.A.A.C.P.

The trial was the longest in Mercer County history, lasting nine weeks and filling sixteen volumes of testimony. All six men denied their guilt. The state's case depended almost entirely on their signed confessions. The defense charged that the confessions were extorted by moral and psychological pressures; that the men had been held incommunicado for three to five days, and had been doped with marijuana and sodium amytal; and that all had alibis, three of which the prosecutor had utterly failed to break. Moreover, the defense accused the state of suppressing evidence that would have cleared at least some of the Six. The defense now says it learned of this through anonymous phone calls from inside the police department. Efforts to subpoena police records, however, were barred by the court.

The jury, which included no Negroes, stayed out seven and a half hours and returned a verdict of guilty.

Up to this point the Case of the Trenton Six had aroused no national interest. Now it began to. Collis English's sister, a New York garment worker named Bessie Mitchell, had been trying to get better legal aid for him ever since his arrest. She had gone first to the local Veterans Administration, where someone had suggested she consult the newspaper *PM* (which was about to go out of business); someone at the paper recommended the N.A.A.C.P. On that advice, English's mother went to see Queen, who told her that he thought the men were probably guilty, and that the N.A.A.C.P. could not afford to take on so weak a case. The N.A.A.C.P. was to change its mind many months later. Queen says that he changed his own two weeks after the court had appointed him as counsel.

Understandably, Mrs. Mitchell was dissatisfied with Queen after their interview. She believed that if he, a Negro, thought the Six guilty, white lawyers appointed by the court were bound to. She tried to get the families of all the defendants together to raise some money. They collected twenty-five dollars from a local Negro church. At her wits' end, Mrs. Mitchell went to the FBI. When she was told that it had nothing to do with such matters, she said: "All right, then I'll go to the Communists. God knows we couldn't be no worse off than we are." By this time the men had been condemned to the chair. "I decided then that prayer was all right," she says, "but you got to do some footwork too."

Mrs. Mitchell says that she found out about the Communists from a leaflet she picked up in the street bearing on its cover the words "Civil Rights." Whether or not that is how Mrs. Mitchell and the Communists got together, she did go to their legal-defense front, the Civil Rights Congress.

The C.R.C. moved in on the Trenton Six in the fall of 1948, bringing with it a crew of leaflet distributors and money raisers, and a battery of attorneys headed by its chairman, William Patterson, and by O. John Rogge, then one of the top men around Henry Wallace. The Communist Party made intensive preparations for the campaign. "The Civil Rights Congress deserves our best support in this case," it said in a "club-discussion" outline. "It will send circular letters, conduct a tour of relatives of the Trenton Six, run mass meetings. All this should spread the influence of the C.R.C. These actions will assist us in the fight

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to quash the indictments of the twelve leaders of the Communist Party [who were then coming up for trial in New York]. Our part in the fight must be to build the Communist Party as we work with progressives in a coalition for democracy."

The Communists sent their version of the case around the world. The *Reynolds News* of London (not a Communist paper) ran an article entitled THEY MUST DIE FOR BEING BLACK, which was picked up by everything from Paris tabloids to Radio Moscow. A Hawaiian paper called the case a "barbaric travesty"; and persistent inquiries from India compelled the State Department to get more detailed information on it.

The first problem for C.R.C. attorneys was to get the defendants' consent to represent them before the New Jersey State Supreme Court. With the court's permission, Patterson, Rogge, and a C.R.C. lawyer from Newark named Solomon Golat visited the men in the death house in the presence of their court-appointed attorneys and some of their relatives. This procession, about a dozen people all together, marched down death row, where the men were confined in adjoining cells. At the end of the corridor was the passageway to the electric chair. First the court-appointed counsel explained that they had done their best for the boys, believed in their innocence, and would do everything possible to win a new trial. Then Patterson took the floor. He told the men the C.R.C. would give them the biggest civil-liberties lawyers in America; then, pointing toward the electric chair, he thundered: "Your lawyers have already brought you this close. If you don't take our help, you will burn." He went from cell to cell to collect signatures. Cooper, Thorpe, and English signed.

Not long before the state Supreme Court hearing, the N.A.A.C.P. and the American Civil Liberties Union entered the case officially for the first time by filing *amicus curiae* briefs. The N.A.A.C.P. had been stalled previously by the refusal of its Trenton branch to take a clear stand for the defendants. In part this could be attributed to the political ambitions of certain rising young N.A.A.C.P. leaders in Trenton; in part to their resistance against being identified with the Communists. "The defendants," said Clifford Moore, then a local N.A.A.C.P. officer and law secretary to a Federal judge, "can be freed by the orderly process of appeal, and not by any whipping up of hysteria or prejudice." He warned that anyone who signed the C.R.C. petition would endanger his prospects of getting a Federal or local government job.

Some now say that Rogge's intervention saved the men, and others that it made no real difference. In any event, his plea before the Supreme Court was an eloquent one. "The evidence is persuasive," he said, "that a poor, sick, economically dispossessed Negro surrendered his free will. . . . Collis English mortgaged his life to achieve temporary peace. . . ."

The Supreme Court handed down its decision in June, 1949. Although Volpe had contended that the first trial was "a monument to New Jersey justice," the court ordered a new one. Its decision was based mainly on a technical error in the verdict. The jury had pronounced the men guilty of murder but neglected to specify the degree, which could have meant the difference between a life sentence and execution. The judge, assuming murder in the first degree, decreed the death penalty.

The Supreme Court stated further that the failure to admit the police records at the first trial was an offense "wholly alien to our Anglo-American tradition," and that "there is not a fair trial when evidence substantially bearing upon the issue is suppressed or put beyond the reach of the accused." Moreover, it cited certain standards by which the confessions should be weighed in the new trial: "To turn the detention of an accused into a process of wrenching from him evidence which could not be extorted in open court . . . is so grave an abuse of the power of arrest as to offend the procedural standards of due process."

It was generally expected that the new trial would begin either during the winter or spring of 1949. By now, however, the Trenton Six were forgotten in the crossfire of conflicting interests. The C.R.C. attorneys and the four court-appointed counsel detested the sight of each other and wrangled constantly. Volpe, the county prosecutor, was being hailed as a martyr to a Communist plot, and Republican Party leaders were closing ranks around him. Negroes were accusing each other either of exaggerated race loyalties or of betraying their people for personal gain. A local N.A.A.C.P. official who privately thought the men were guilty retired from all local affairs; a Negro doctor who had testified for the state got a county job; a Negro minister who had some say in city patronage blocked formation of a broad defense committee.

The Communists, by their incessant

D'Arcy, Trenton *Times*

Rogge, Mrs. Mitchell, Patterson, and Golat

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demonstrations and their vehement insistence on race, were fanning the very prejudices that they complained of. "If those six guys were white," one white Trentonian remarked, "they'd have gone to the chair long ago."

For six months, the C.R.C. continued its shrill campaign to "cut the lynch rope"—and build the Communist Party. In November, 1949, the C.R.C. demanded that Governor Driscoll impeach Volpe for racial prejudice and for failure to "protect the innocent [as well as] convict the guilty."

It is said that by this time the governor, who has an excellent record on Negro matters, was deeply disturbed by several aspects of the Horner case, and particularly by Volpe's conduct. But Driscoll had his problems; it was hazardous to turn against his own man in public—and still more to take the Communists' side. He referred the demand to State Attorney General Theodore Parsons, who rejected it. "My examination of the record . . . discloses no semblance of basis for the charge," he wrote. "Furthermore, the two leading nonpartisan organizations concerned with combatting race discrimination have, upon investigation, expressed the view that there was no evidence of racial discrimination."

His reply gave the Communists a rich new source of propaganda, not only against the State of New Jersey but against the "Uncle Toms" in the N.A.A.C.P. who were allegedly selling out their people. The state N.A.A.C.P. was forced to strike back, both against the attorney general and its own Trenton branch. "We have always believed that a serious violation of civil rights occurred in this case. . . ," state chairman U. S. Wiggins wrote to Parsons. "The confessions were products of police misconduct of the grossest type. The available evidence would not sustain a conviction. . . the New Jersey State Conference has issued no statement approving the conduct of either the trial judge or the prosecutor. Any other statement by any N.A.A.C.P. official represented a personal opinion only."

By now, the only thing everyone else was agreed on was that the Communists must be gotten rid of. On the eve of the new trial, late in December, 1949, the presiding judge ruled three C.R.C. attorneys out of the case, for "studied discourtesy and contempt." His ruling was provoked by the inflammatory speeches that they had been making all over the state, their appeals for public pressure on the courts, and for money that would help pay their own fees. He said the C.R.C. had collected money "far in excess of [that] necessary," and that there was "grave doubt as to the real purpose for which these funds were collected." The attorney general threatened to haul the C.R.C. into court for an accounting, claiming that a national fund-raising drive had collected $300,000, only $25,000 of which had been spent for the Six. The balance, it was generally assumed, had gone for the defense of the Communist Eleven in New York. Rogge, who has since broken with the C.R.C., has confirmed these rough figures, and adds that he never received a $10,000 fee promised him.

On January 25, 1950, the C.R.C. attorney asked the Federal courts to postpone the new trial until their own suit for reinstatement as defense counsel was settled. As a result, the retrial was put off indefinitely.

It was a welcome reprieve for the Communists. They could continue, perhaps for several years, to collect money, solicit membership, and spread anti-American propaganda abroad on behalf of the Trenton Six. There is no way of knowing, however, whether they consulted the men in prison about this delay.

The litigation over who would represent the Six dragged through the state and circuit courts. The C.R.C. said it was prepared to carry the issue to the U.S. Supreme Court. Attorney General Parsons said the State of New Jersey was too. It became evident that this could go on for two or three more years, and a group of men, mostly professors at Princeton University and Princeton Theological Seminary, intervened to expedite the new trial. "We deplore the activities of the Civil Rights Congress in this case," the committee stated. "We are especially concerned that the men charged with murder should have the unhampered right to able counsel of their own choosing. Further, we are anxious that alleged Communist beliefs of some of the sponsors of the defendants' case should not be permitted to prejudice the defendants' trial in any way."

A group of Trenton businessmen urged the committee members to stay out of the case; the Princeton public relations office did the same, saying it was "bad publicity for the university." Several members dropped out.

The rest of the committee set out to raise $25,000 for able counsel. For over four months, they attempted to persuade the C.R.C. attorneys to leave the case. They succeeded late in 1950. Rogge, who was having his own troubles with the Communists, withdrew in mid-November, saying he had become a "roadblock"; Patterson, by then under Federal indictment for contempt of Congress, pulled out two weeks later.

The Princeton committee then hired Arthur Garfield Hays as chief counsel for the three men formerly defended by the C.R.C. Hays took on a local Trenton lawyer, George Pellettieri, as co-counsel. The national office of the N.A.A.C.P. put up $10,000 to which the state CIO contributed $2,000, and a group of excellent lawyers was recruited.

Last February 5, the new trial began. The next day Volpe was stricken with appendicitis, and word spread through the Negro community that it was the hand of God. A mistrial was declared, and a third trial set for March 5.

While another jury was being chosen (again no Negroes were on it), the six defendants sat impassively in the courtroom, rarely speaking to their lawyers or each other. Whether they knew how pressure groups had been fighting over their heads for three years, whether they understood why or felt it had hurt them or helped them, whether any or all of them were guilty or believed they were solely the victims of their pigmentation and their poverty, they gave no sign. The only clue to their state of mind was a letter from McKenzie to Bessie Mitchell. "Bessie for myself I am praying," he wrote. "It is very hard to smile in a place like this when I have been put here for nothing . . . but I guess it could of happened to anyone else as well as myself." —CLAIRE NEIKIND

(This is the first of two articles on the Case of the Trenton Six. The second, which will be published in an early issue, considers the evidence for and against the defendants.)

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The Farmer, the Emergency, And the Brannan Plan

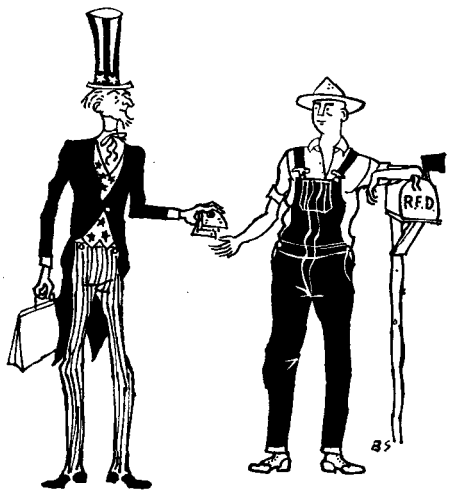
Buried under the first comprehensive reports on the Korean invasion, the evening papers of June 27, 1950, carried the story that Congress had finally voted to give the Commodity Credit Corporation (CCC)—the Department of Agriculture agency that buys and sells farm products—a $2 billion increase in its borrowing authority. This meant that the CCC could tap the U.S. Treasury for a total of $6.75 billion to operate its various agricultural purchase programs.

Throughout the winter of 1949-1950, Secretary of Agriculture Charles F. Brannan had pleaded with Congress for the $2 billion increase because the CCC was just about to hit the $4.75 billion ceiling on its borrowing authority. If it could not count on additional funds, the entire farm program would be jeopardized; the government would not even be able to announce future policy, let alone carry it out. By one of those ironies history sometimes indulges in, Congress approved the increase some forty-eight hours after the event that was to make it unnecessary and that would, within a few months, radically alter the problems of U.S. agriculture and further becloud the issues of U.S. farm policy.

Some of the CCC funds are used to make loans to growers of nonperishable products, who put up their crops as collateral. Later, if the farmer can sell the crop at a higher price, he pays off the government. If not, the government keeps the crop. Farmers who raise perishable products eligible for price supports do not get loans because the collateral cannot be stored. Instead, when such a farmer cannot sell his crop at the support price, the government buys it outright and then tries to sell it at the least financial loss. At any time, therefore, the CCC has outstanding loans—which may or may not be repaid—and stocks it has either purchased or taken over as forfeited collateral.

Actually, the downward trend of CCC commitments—stocks and loans—had begun in March, 1950, when the specter of a cotton famine first appeared, but what with the time lag inherent in all government statistics, the first small cuts in CCC's cotton holdings did not become publicly known until the end of June. By then thirty per cent of CCC's cotton was gone, and by October practically none was left. On February 28, 1951, CCC had less than $2.6 billion tied up in loans and inventories, a reduction of thirty per cent from a year earlier.

This is only one sign of the near revolution that the Korean War has wrought in our farm program. Rather than holding down acreage and seeking markets for surpluses, we are boosting crops and conserving supplies. The acreage-control campaign has been scrapped for wheat, corn, cotton, and rice—four of the six so-called basic commodities — and Secretary Brannan has called for increases in acreage ranging from six per cent for corn to over fifty per cent for cotton. Such increases are more easily decreed than accomplished. Even the comparatively moderate corn hike is running into trouble. Farmers are reported as planning for an increase of just above one per cent, and the Department of Agriculture has announced a production drive to reach the original goal. The sudden personnel shift in the top command of Secretary Brannan's Production and Marketing administration may not be unconnected with the lag of the feed program. As for cotton, growers are complaining that they can't expand acreage unless the government promises a sufficient labor supply and special allocations of pest-killers. There have also been dark hints lately that price ceilings on cotton would kill the expansion program.



Not long ago the surplus-disposal problem was one of the Department of Agriculture's biggest headaches. In 1950, Brannan asked Congress for up to $50 million to repackage farm-surplus stocks and bring them closer to potential consumers. Now, instead of worrying about how to get rid of its stocks, the CCC is hastily attempting to hang onto most of those it has left.

The farm-surplus-disposal program, once known as the world's greatest giveaway, has practically ceased to be a subject of discussion. Over the past four months, the CCC's surpluses available for sale here and abroad have declined or vanished. It is selling no more butter, cheese, flaxseed, or gum resin, and has stopped sales of some types of dry beans and peas. Its wheat and corn are no longer being sold abroad, and dried eggs and milk no longer go to foreign countries free.

Supporters of our recent farm policy now boast that it has provided us with

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valuable excess stocks—used since Korea, in the case of cotton, to supply an avid market, and in the case of foods, to slow down scare buying. They proudly add that recent events have proved that we can, with no greater delay than it takes to mimeograph a press release, order an about-face in production policy from restriction to expansion.

Many such claims have been forthcoming, and more may be expected. They are more dangerous than they look. It is useful to recall that the purpose of our farm policy has *not* ordinarily been to gather ample reserve stocks for an emergency or to get ready for sudden switches in output. Instead, the purpose has been to limit production, dispose of surpluses, and assure an equitable income for farmers.

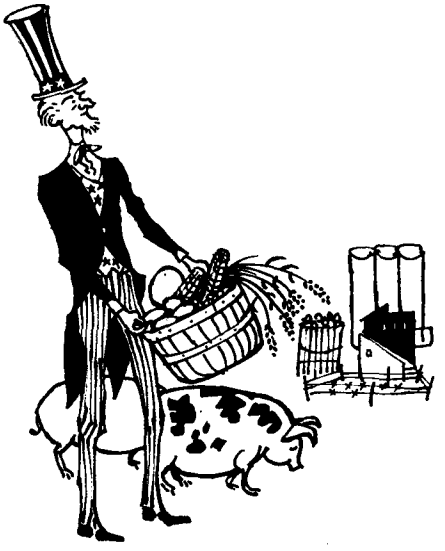
Between now and June, Congress cannot fail to debate farm policy, not for the purpose of seeking basic improvements so much as to try to smooth out the contradictions between price supports and price controls. When the opponents of the support program attempt, as they will, to kick out the parity formula or modify it by freezing price ceilings at the parity level of a given month, the farm bloc is likely to have among its counter-arguments the praise of surpluses. Before they persuade us, we should look at the facts:

First, nobody regrets that the government today has close to $2.6 billion worth of farm products in its larder and in loans. Second, while the existence of those stocks may be in part due to the price-support program, we would have had large carryovers without any such program; to some extent it was their existence that brought into being our present farm program, which shows that surpluses don't necessarily arise as the consequence of legislation. Third, as far as our present farm policy goes, the surpluses were unwanted.

The persistent efforts of the Department of Agriculture to sell or give away its stocks—and not only those which might deteriorate—at the very least suggest that the piling up of reserves was not one of the goals of farm policy, except during the short era of the "ever-normal granary." As a matter of fact, the very existence of the surpluses showed that the program had failed in one important respect—adjusting farm production to demand.

The opponents of parity might well go on to point out the surprising fact that, for agriculture as a whole, parity prices have been more than achieved. Think of the parity price of any product simply as that which will give the farmer the same purchasing power he had in 1910-1914. Now the prices farmers pay have risen 180 per cent since 1910-1914, but the prices they *get* have risen 211 per cent.

Of course such an argument would infuriate the proponents of parity. They would answer that the goal is not



parity *prices* but parity *income*, defined in most recent legislation as the income "which will provide the farm operator and his family with a standard of living equivalent to those afforded persons dependent upon other gainful occupation." Asked how we can measure this, they would admit that, in fact, we can't. They would agree that income is the product of quantity and price, and that measuring parity by price alone is hardly adequate. But they would never take the next logical step and admit that parity is a most deceptive guide for setting fair price ceilings.

To give an extreme example, the price of oranges on March 15, 1951, stood at fifty-three per cent of parity, which, translated into figures, means that the orange grower got $1.94 a box instead of the $3.67 he would have received if prices followed the parity formula. Yet no one would say that orange growers are a depressed segment of our population; pegging the price of oranges substantially below the latest parity price might well be justified, if we take into account the phenomenal increases in the orange crop over the past decades and the decreases in the cost of production.

During the last war emergency, the campaign to freeze prices below parity was lost by the Administration in 1941 and 1942. There is little reason to suppose that Mr. Truman and Price Stabilizer Michael DiSalle will do better now than President Roosevelt and Leon Henderson did nine years ago. With chances of persuading Congress to discard parity so poor, a search is on for a device that would save the parity principle but allow price ceilings to be placed on farm products whether or not they have reached parity.

The easiest solution would seem to be subsidies to the farmer, covering the gap between the ceiling price and the parity price when the latter is higher. The farmer would get the parity price, and the consumer's price would be below parity. The difference would come out of taxes. This, presumably, would momentarily end the debate over farm policy, which has filled volumes of reports on Congressional hearings but has never yet resulted in anything but variations on the parity scheme.

There is only one difficulty in all this—a difficulty not devoid of irony. Any program of subsidies would inevitably bear a striking resemblance to the Brannan Plan, and Congressmen might find it very embarrassing to go on record for a close relative of a plan that many of them have attacked not merely on economic but also on moral and political grounds. Yet unless all farm prices have outstripped parity by the time the legislative machinery gets rolling, Congress will have to choose between holding a basic debate on farm policy or dodging it by swallowing the principles of the detested Brannan Plan. In either event, Congress might well remember a thought expressed by Chester C. Davis in one of the classics on American farm policy, the 1940 Yearbook of the Department of Agriculture, *Farmers in a Changing World:*

"Consideration of all the proposed criteria raises the question whether the objectives of agricultural policy can be once and for all established by a simple exercise in arithmetic." This observation is still true, but now the arithmetic is even less simple.

—Hans H. Landsberg

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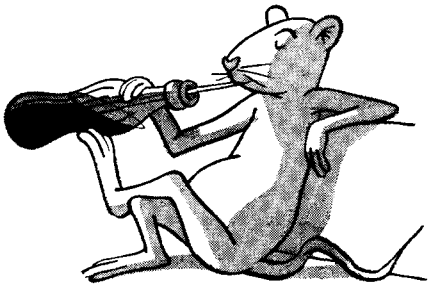
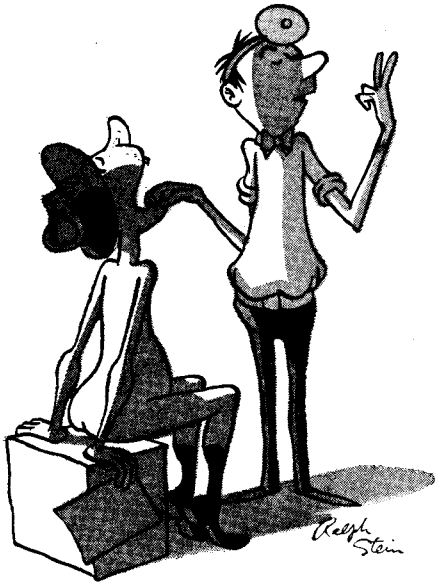
Do We Eat Too Much Sugar?



The sugar problem is with us still. Every year, according to the provisions of the Sugar Act of 1948, the Secretary of Agriculture must determine the amount of sugar needed to meet the requirements of consumers in the continental United States, and his estimate governs the quotas that can be marketed from the various producing areas. This year the Secretary has set the total at eight million tons, or more than a hundred pounds per capita, as compared with an estimated thirty-eight pounds for France and only three pounds for China. As usual, the Secretary's decision stirred conflicting emotions. Naturally the sugar producers always want us to use more sugar, whereas the nutritionists, and the health professions in general, want us to consume less.

The consensus of medical and dental opinion is that for three decades we have been consuming about four times as much sugar as we should. All attempts to "balance" the American diet founder on this rock of fact. Our sugar consumption is the despair of the clinician, the scandal of the public-health worker, the obese ghost at the austere banquet of the nutritionist.



It is also the pain in the sacroiliac of the overworked dentist. In two world wars the incidence of tooth decay has declined in the countries most affected in direct relation to the reduced consumption of sugar, and gone up again when peace has brought a renewal of the expansionism of the sugar industry and its allies.

In 1945 two scientists named Schour and Massler reported that the relatively sugarless population of postwar Italy had from one-half to one-seventh as much tooth decay as the average for the United States and other sugar-saturated countries. During the war years the incidence of tooth decay among Norwegian schoolchildren dropped by about half. In general, primitive peoples like the Eskimos and many Polynesian tribes were relatively free from dental caries until they began eating the trader's sugar and white flour.

There is, in fact, little disagreement among dentists about the cause of dental caries. The official view of the American Dental Association, as formulated by its Council on Dental Health, supports the refined-carbohydrate theory of causation, to wit, that "Dental caries is a disease of the calcified tissues of the teeth caused by acids resulting from the action of micro-organisms on carbohydrates."

As far back as 1934, Drs. Martha Koehne, R. W. Bunting, and Elise Morrell provided clinical proof of this theory by a study of 169 children in an orphanage that was using a diet low in sugar, and where the children had shown a remarkably low incidence of tooth decay. When fifty-one of these children were given three pounds of candy a week for five months, twenty-two of them showed evidence of active dental caries, whereas during the preceding year there had been only seven cases of tooth decay among them. Three months after the high sugar intake of the experimental group was discontinued, the acidophilous counts of the children's mouths had returned to normal, and there was no further extension of caries in any case.

No one contends that excessive sugar consumption is the sole cause of tooth decay. Genetic factors are undoubtedly involved, and there are probably other contributory causes. But dentists, nutritionists, and other health workers agree that the excessive consumption of sugar and other concentrated, refined carbohydrates is a principal cause of the disease.

For many years conscientious dentists all over America have been protecting their patients' teeth simply by persuading them to eat less sugar. One of the most celebrated of these preventive dental workers is Dr. Fred D. Miller of Altoona, Pennsylvania. Dr. Miller has lived to see a whole generation of his young patients grow up with sound teeth, and to win the bets he has made with their parents that their teeth would remain healthy if they would minimize their consumption of sugar and other diet-diluting refined carbohydrates.

Last December Dr. Miller told the Delaney committee of the House, which was investigating chemicals in food, insecticides, and fertilizers, that ninety-eight per cent of the population

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of this country suffers from tooth decay; that our 78,000 dentists are struggling with a backlog of half a billion cavities, and that they can't possibly keep up with the disease so long as our dietary habits remain unchanged.

During the Second World War, draft-board examiners rejected 188,000 of the first million men because they couldn't meet Uncle Sam's dental requirements of six teeth above and six opposing teeth below.

Of the sugar-using industries, perhaps the most militantly expansionist is the soft-drink industry, which by now accounts for about one-fourth of the sugar consumed by Americans.

In 1950 the Coca-Cola Company distributed over fifty million bottles a day of its beverage, which, although many nutritionists object to it, manages to get into school-lunch programs over the protests of school physicians and Parent-Teacher Associations. Coca-Cola got priority allocations of sugar during the Second World War on the ground that it was needed for the morale of soldiers and sailors.

Coca-Cola and other soft drinks are about ten per cent sugar—approximately 3½ teaspoonfuls per six-ounce bottle. They also contain phosphoric acid, which destroys tooth enamel, according to Dr. Clive M. McCay of Cornell, chief nutritionist for the Navy during the Second World War. Dr. McCay and his associates reported that white rats, after five days or more of drinking "Cokes," suffered severe destruction of tooth enamel, and that monkeys were similarly affected. They also found that sodium oxalate neutralizes the destructive effects of acid beverages on tooth enamel. Cheap and effective oxalates are found in many common foods such as spinach and rhubarb. It is probable that the malnutritional role of the sugar-carrying soft drinks could be overcome by using a harmless substitute sweetener, such as sucaryl sodium.

Unhappily, the soft-drink industry has yet to act on these findings. In fact, the sugar industries as a whole have as yet exhibited only primitive defense reactions to their critics. The most serious charge is that our excessive consumption of sugar, a chemically pure carbohydrate, innocent of either vitamins or minerals, displaces better foods which do contain these essential accessory food factors. Many clinicians believe that excessive sugar consumption, by fostering obesity, has contributed indirectly to the alarming increase of degenerative diseases such as diabetes and heart disease, since mortality from these diseases rises markedly among overweight people.

No doubt, if patterns of food production and consumption were in accord with the known facts of health and disease, we should long ago have seen a decline in the curve of American sugar consumption and a shift of soil use to other crops both in this country and in the sugar islands of the tropics. History shows that sugar has tended to bankrupt and starve its producers at the same time that it has malnourished its consumers. On the one hand it has given us the sugar-ridden children of our urban and rural slums, anemic victims of our advertising-fostered sweet tooth. On the other hand, we have the starving peons of the intermittently bankrupt Cuban and Puerto Rican plantations.

In 1937 the representatives of twenty-two sugar-producing countries, meeting in London to prop the tottering structure of the world sugar market, agreed that the only way to cure the sugar headache was to extend the headache to the consumers, by pushing up consumption in markets not already "saturated." At the same time the League of Nations Committee on Nutrition, sitting in Geneva, was agreeing that the thing to do was to *reduce* the world consumption of sugar.

The producers won, of course, and there is every likelihood that they will keep on winning. They have one of the most powerful lobbies in Washington. Because the sugar-using industries are heavy advertisers, they are in a position to discourage press and radio discussion. Finally, because the private foundations that are supported directly and indirectly by the sugar and sugar-using industries are among the chief sources of subsidy for nutritional research—including that of the National Research Council—some scientists also seem to be sugar-logged when it comes to dealing with this problem.

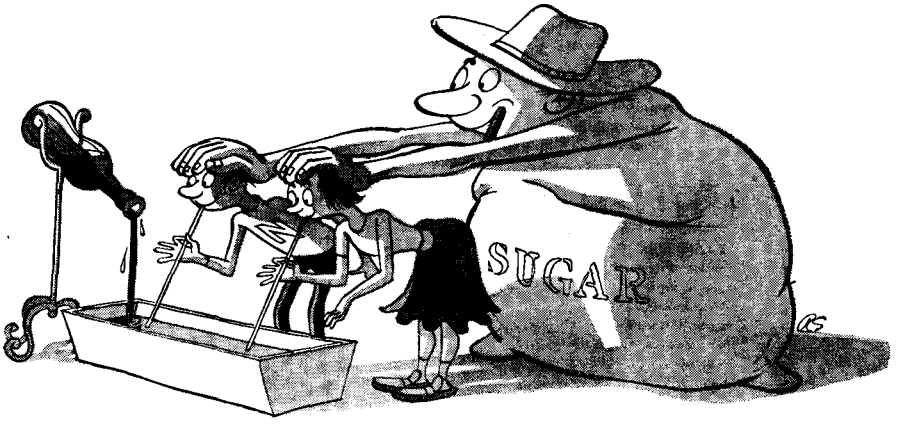
In the October, 1949, issue of *The Sugar Molecule,* organ of the Sugar Research Foundation, Inc., Dr. Robert C. Hockett, its scientific director, replied as follows to the attacks of the crusading dentists:

"Because the Sugar Research Foundation has undertaken to support several studies in the field of dental caries research, certain members of the dental profession appear to have leaped to the conclusion that the sugar industry is interested only in trying to disprove evidence which tends to indicate that high-sugar diets may be conducive to tooth decay.

"Nothing of this kind has ever, in fact, been contemplated. Our program has always had very positive objectives which, if briefly summarized, might be stated in the following words: *The purpose of our dental caries research is to find out how tooth decay may be controlled effectively without restriction of sugar intake.*"

Concerning this, it need be said only that the Sugar Research Foundation, Inc., is a tax-exempt organization, that Dr. Hockett is a former professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and that I would have used italics if Dr. Hockett hadn't.

—James Rorty



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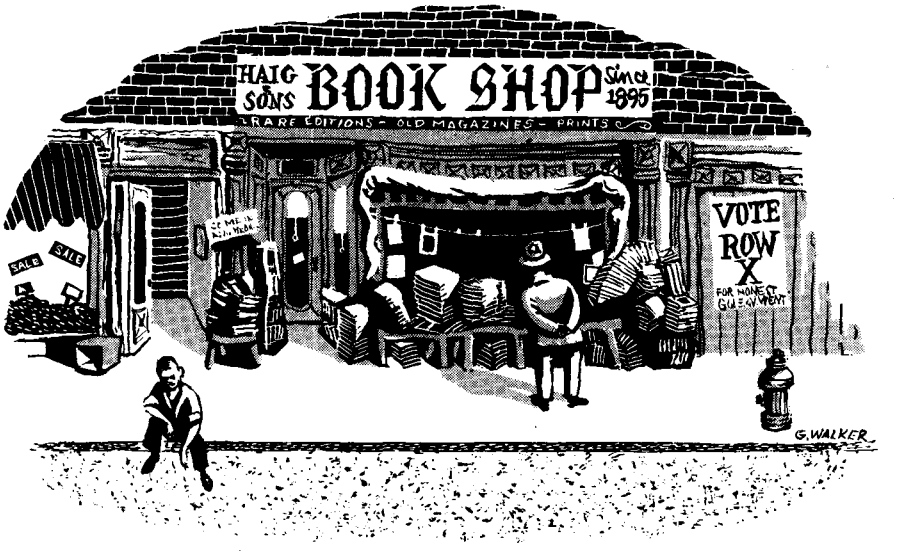
The Next Great Debate: Economic Expansion for the West?

How rapidly should the West expand its productive capacity to meet the present emergency? This will be the subject of the next Great Debate. It is too early to predict the precise issues, or when the forum will shift from the Washington defense agencies to Congress, but however the lines may be drawn, the decisions reached could be just as significant as those of the recent Great Debate on foreign policy.

This new controversy is clearly foreshadowed in the expansionist arguments advanced in *Policy for the West*, by Barbara Ward, Assistant Editor of the London *Economist*. Fear lest such arguments prevail is explicit in a little book, *The Nineteen Fifties Come First*, by Dr. Edwin G. Nourse (who has been succeeded by an expansionist, Leon Keyserling, as chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers). And the implications of expansionism give new vitality to Professor Charles P. Kindleberger's *The Dollar Shortage*, even though that shortage has come to at least a temporary end for our friends abroad.

Here is the immediate situation that will probably bring on the debate: This year the demands of our own rearmament will be absorbing a larger and larger segment of our national product. Other nations will also be drawing on us for military aid. Still other nations, the less-developed countries of Latin America and Asia, will be seeking capital goods to expand their own economies. At the same time, the American people, their spendable income swollen by mobilization jobs and orders, will be in the market for an ever vaster volume of consumer goods.

The expansionist, viewing these converging demands, wants to start now to build up productive capacity in this and other countries as rapidly as practicable so as to meet them all. But since there is little slack in the existing economy, any attempt to enlarge our industrial base means adding the demand for materials used in building new plant capacity to those which the nation is already struggling to meet.



The expansionists appear willing to run the risks involved in stepping up inflationary pressures now in the hope of ending the danger of an explosion more quickly. But if our only concern were the risk of inflation, then controversy could probably be confined to the adequacy of our present economic controls. That question is important, but the peril behind the fight over expansion is not inflation: It is deflation. Does depression lie over the rearmament hump?

Dr. Nourse, after objecting that "the capacity objectives being proposed sound fantastically high," sees grass growing in the streets if the expansionists prevail. "If, 'when peace breaks out,' industries find themselves loaded with excess plant capacities constructed at inflated costs, we shall have exactly the condition which is typical of the collapsing phase of an overblown business cycle. We will see industrial construction paralyzed, investment chilled or frozen, and the whole downward spiral either running to the final smashup or inviting still larger intervention by government."

Those who share Dr. Nourse's fears believe that such expansion will require governmental intervention to bring it about, that the inflationary pressures it generates will require more governmental intervention; and, if deflation comes, that still more governmental intervention will be needed to pull us out of the slump. If we would avoid these evils, they insist, we must make haste slowly. "A sane ten-year preparedness program," Dr. Nourse says, "would not be crippled by lack of industrial plant capacity, expanding gradually from present levels."

Miss Ward, in contrast, warns that the "very last mood to overtake the

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free world should be that of defensiveness, careful accountancy and general national cheeseparing. In inflation as in everything else the best defense is attack. The primary aim of the West in anything more than the shortest run must not be to cut purchasing power so that the defense effort can be achieved without risk but to expand wealth and supply and capacity so that high civilian standards and a defense effort can be secured simultaneously."

For an American to call for austerity while a Briton pleads for all-out expansion may seem paradoxical. But to an extent greater than even the candid Miss Ward may have thought politic to point out, Britain's security may depend on the rapidity of American expansion. We are not following Dr. Nourse's "sane ten-year preparedness program," for the not insane reason that Russia may not allow us ten years in which to prepare. Military demands are starting to conflict with the demands of American consumers and of American industries. As the cutbacks go deeper, how long shall we continue to give equal place to foreign claimants who seek not merely matériel but help in expanding underdeveloped economies and in stabilizing developed ones? Even if political isolationism is pretty well extinguished by the Great Debate now ending, will it not sooner or later flare up as economic isolationism? If so, the most effective answer will be a national product large enough to accommodate the foreign demand along with the domestic—the civilian along with the military.

But expansion, Miss Ward recognizes, "will not serve much purpose if some five years later, the whole level of production is allowed to fall again and both the physical and moral resistance of the West is fatally weakened by the recurrence of a serious slump." In this event, intervention by government may well become necessary, Miss Ward believes, but unlike Dr. Nourse, she does not fear such intervention when it is in the interest of expansion.

If economic expansion is to stave off economic isolationism now and economic collapse later on, obviously there will be need for planning that transcends national lines. Since, as Miss Ward points out, the nations of western Europe, unlike the United States, are dependent on world trade, "a measure of deflation in one economy can communicate itself with painful speed to its neighbors." Moreover, at the outset, any planning must recognize the serious imbalance that, with only one considerable respite since 1914, has manifested itself in the form of the dollar shortage. The rise in our imports and drop in our exports that is currently accompanying rearmament has not banished this problem; indeed, as western European nations rearm they may widen the narrow gap by sacrificing hard-won export trade.

Miss Ward prescribes a policy to meet this situation. First, each western power would have to pledge "readiness to produce a high level of economic activity in its own domestic market," an obligation that "should be as much the official policy of free governments as collective resistance to aggression." To close the dollar gap, about a billion dollars a year would be contributed by the United States in a "flexibly administered" program. Relieved of pressure on its exchange, Great Britain could at last issue long-term securities against its sterling balances. Since this would curtail the "lavish release" of these balances to Asian countries, the United States would have to step in with sizable dollar loans to them.

To implement this program, Miss Ward would create from the various agencies for economic aid and co-ordination that now exist a Production and Resources Board of the Atlantic Council. To stimulate economic progress in Asia and other poorly developed areas, she proposes another Atlantic Council committee—an Economic Development Board, which should preferably work through the U.N. if the ever-lurking specter of imperialism is not to be raised.

In contrast to Miss Ward's and Dr. Nourse's tracts, the thoroughgoing treatment of the dollar shortage by Dr. Kindleberger, M.I.T. economist and ECA consultant, in *The Dollar Shortage*, provides no prescription for current problems. Instead the author attempts what he calls a synthesis of "existing theories on disequilibrium in international economics." A consideration of his explanation of the dollar shortage's persistence is essential to an evaluation of the policies discussed by Miss Ward and Dr. Nourse.

The United States Dr. Kindleberger classifies as an adult creditor economy with "a tendency to secular stagnation . . . relative to the rest of the world," a world composed chiefly of young, developing economies that run deficits because they require a high level of investment and of old, matured economies that run deficits because they are consuming their capital. "The chronic dollar shortage . . . may then represent a persistent inflationary tendency in economically underdeveloped and senescent economies alike, which balances the deflationary tendency in the United States."

If Dr. Kindleberger is correct, then surely governmental intervention is indispensable, and, since the root of the trouble lies in a pattern of international relationships, the intervention must be by all parties concerned. Moreover, says Dr. Kindleberger, since U.S. tendencies are persistently deflationary, the intervention must encourage economic expansionism.

But before Dr. Kindleberger is enlisted under Miss Ward's banner, he should be entitled to raise questions of degree. Expansion can be carried too far and too fast, as Dr. Nourse warns. If excesses are to be avoided, there is need, as Miss Ward points out, for a careful budgeting of resources and a programming of their development. Perhaps if this were done, if claimant groups knew what would be the size of the expanding whole to be divided among them, they would be less tempted to insist on shares that total more than one hundred per cent, a danger all three authors recognize. Naturally, when one doesn't know the size of either the whole pie or the shares that are going to others, he will hesitate to give up any part of his customary slice.

The problem of national morale is doubtless critical among those which confront the West, but high morale can certainly be fostered as much by willingness to co-operate in expansion as by resignation to deprivation. It will be unfortunate if, in the next Great Debate, the opponents of expansion can convert austerity into an end in itself or into a rod to chasten uppish elements in the economy. Austerity may be necessary but, if so, it is a necessary evil, especially that austerity for others which is enforced by presure on thin pocketbooks and not by ration cards.

—DAVID F. CAVERS

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"and our bones ache"

Despina is a six-year-old war orphan. Her father contracted tuberculosis in the Greek Army. He was released and sent back to his village and family. There, the disease was communicated to the mother, while she was nursing her husband. They both died this past winter. The child writes this in a letter to her American Foster Parents:

"You are my only hope in life, as I am a complete orphan. I live with my Granny, who is very old, and my little sister. When our mother and father died last winter, Granny burned the mattresses and the covers they had on their beds. And now we sleep on the very hard boards . . . and our bones ache."

This child is but one of thousands needing help. Many have been maimed and disfigured by war. Funds are needed for plastic surgery, artificial eyes and prosthetic limbs.

You alone, or as a member of a group, can help these children by becoming a foster parent, or by contributing funds for plastic surgery, artificial limbs, glass eyes. As a foster parent you will receive a case history and photograph of your child. Your child is told clearly how he is being helped and that you are his foster parent. Children thus feel that they have a friend, rather than someone who is just giving them charity. Correspondence through our office is encouraged so that you can ask the child questions about his health and welfare that you would want to know if these were truly your own children.

The Plan is helping children of fourteen different nationalities—in Greece, France, Belgium, Italy, Holland and England. By aiding these children you are working for the greatest aim of all—for peace.

The Foster Parents' Plan for War Children does not do mass relief. Each child is treated as an individual, with the idea that besides food, clothing, shelter and education, he or she will live in a homelike atmosphere and receive the loving care that so rightfully belongs to childhood. Your help can mean—and do—so much! Won't you give it—TODAY?

Contributions Deductible From Income Tax.

FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN FOR WAR CHILDREN, Inc., 55 W. 42nd St., N. Y. 18, N. Y.

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I will pay $15. a month for one year ($180). Payment will be made monthly ( ), quarterly ( ), yearly ( ). I enclose herewith my first payment $.....

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"The bonds William and I bought for our country's defense helped build a house for us!"

HOW U. S. SAVINGS BONDS PAID OFF FOR MRS. ROSE NYSSE OF BRISTOL, PA.

"There's nothing more wonderful than a house and garden of your own," says Mrs. Nysse. "And there's no surer way to own one than to save for it through U. S. Savings Bonds and the Payroll Savings Plan!"

Mrs. Rose Nysse says, "In 1942 William and I started making U.S. Savings Bonds a part of our plan for financial security. I joined the Payroll Savings Plan at the Sweetheart Soap Co. where I'm a supervisor, and began buying a $100 bond each month. I knew that my money was safe and working for me all the time. Buying U. S. Savings Bonds is one of the surest, safest savings methods!"

"Savings Bonds alone made a $5,000 down payment on our house!" says Mrs. Nysse. "Altogether, we've saved $8,000 just in bonds bought through Payroll Savings, and we're keeping right on with the plan. And when we retire, our bonds will make the difference between comfort and just getting by. Bond buying is a patriotic and practical way of building a cash reserve!"

You can do what the Nysses are doing —the time to start is now!

Maybe you can't save quite as much as William and Rose Nysse, maybe you can save more. But the important thing is to *start now!* It only takes three simple steps.

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2. Decide to save a regular amount *systematically*, week after week, or month after month. Even small sums, saved on a systematic basis, become a large sum in an amazingly short time!

3. Start saving automatically by signing up *today* in the Payroll Savings Plan where you work or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank. You may save as little as $1.25 a week or as much as $375 a month. If you can set aside just $7.50 weekly, in 10 years you'll have bonds and interest worth $4,329.02 cash!

You'll be providing security not only for yourself and your family, but for the blessed free way of life that's so important to us all. And in far less time than you think, the financial independence the Nysses enjoy will be yours to enjoy as well!

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